The Outlook

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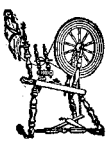

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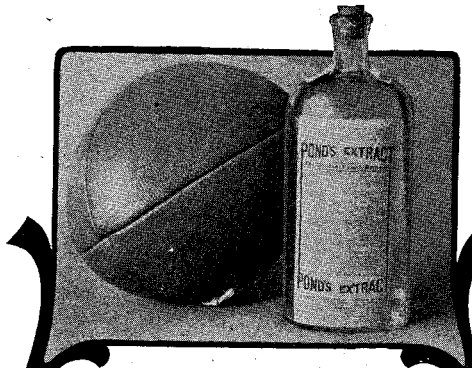

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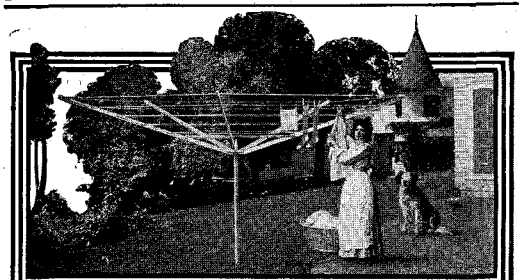

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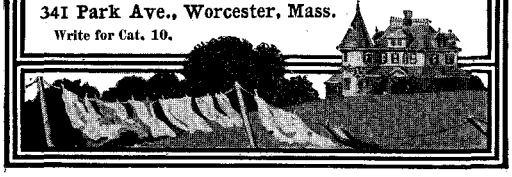

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The Outlook

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1904

The National Election

Election returns received since The Outlook's summary of last week show that Mr. Roosevelt's victory is even more sweeping than it at first appeared to be. Missouri is now in the Republican column. The only other time that the electoral vote of Missouri has been cast for a Republican candidate for President was in 1868, when many of the other Southern States also went Republican under so-called "bayonet rule." To offset this gain somewhat, the electoral vote of Maryland, which was first supposed to be Republican, will probably be divided, only one vote being Republican, the other seven being Democratic. This outcome is due to the mistake of voters who, putting a mark opposite the name of the first elector on the list, supposed that indicated a choice for all in the party column. As a consequence the first elector on each ticket ran far ahead of the rest. So many more Republicans than Democrats made this mistake that probably seven of the Republican electors were defeated. The change, therefore, made by these two States, Missouri and Maryland, increases the total electoral vote cast for Mr. Roosevelt from 325 to 336. The total popular plurality is also much larger than The Outlook recorded last week, amounting to nearly two million. The vote for the candidates of the smaller parties is not yet obtainable. The Social Democratic ticket, which was headed by Mr. Debs, seems to have received over 600,000 votes. Mr. Watson, head of the Populist ticket, claims for his party half a million votes. In Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Mr. Debs received more votes than Mr. Parker; and in Georgia, his home State, Mr. Watson received more votes than Mr. Roosevelt. The vote for the Prohibition candidate, Dr. Swallow, is apparently much less than that of either.

Comments of Mr. Parker and Mr. Bryan

The most interesting explanations of the result of the contest are always those coming from the defeated side. In the case of the Presidential election, these explanations are as numerous as the factions in the Democratic party. If it were not for the fact that it is the statement of the defeated candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Parker's explanation might be suffered to pass unnoticed. After expressing his thanks to his party managers and the "rank and file" all over the country, he attributes the advantage of the Republicans, first to the "large army of office-holders reaching into every hamlet," and, by implication, to the fact that the Republican party "has grown so corrupt that it will gladly enter into partnership with the trusts to secure money for election purposes." In the face of a popular plurality for Mr. Roosevelt approximating two millions, and enormously increased pluralities in States, notably Pennsylvania, which no one ever thought of as other than Republican, Mr. Parker does not hesitate to say that, in his opinion, "the greatest moral question which now confronts us is, Shall the trusts and corporations be prevented from contributing money to control or to aid in controlling elections?" In contrast to this statement, that issued by Mr. Bryan is really significant. He accounts for the Democratic defeat by what he calls "a mistaken party policy." He gives his reasons for believing that it was not due either to the advocacy of silver, condemnation of the trusts, or the question of imperialism, but "to the fact that the Democratic party attempted to be conservative in the presence of conditions which demanded radical remedy." "Conciliation of the industrial and financial despots who are gradually getting control of all the avenues of

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wealth" has been shown, he declares, to be as inexpedient as it is wrong. He therefore announces what he believes to be the programme essential to future success. It may be briefly summarized as follows: Protest against a large army and a large navy; advocacy of Filipino independence; opposition to a high tariff; a renewed demand for an income tax through a Constitutional amendment; advocacy of bimetallism, though the question for the present must remain in abeyance; an attack by the party upon trusts "so vehement that no one will suspect it of secret aid from them;" "death to every private monopoly;" legislation in regard to hours of labor and arbitration, and in overthrow of "government by injunction;" opposition to National banks of issue; a continued fight for popular election of Senators and for direct legislation. So much for the maintenance of former ideas. As for new questions, he suggests: the postal telegraph system, State ownership of railroads, the election of Federal judges for a fixed term, the election of postmasters by their respective communities.

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The Need of the Democratic Party

Mr. Bryan's statement is significant because it is a summons to the expression of definite political principles. The Right Hon. James Bryce, in a recent lecture at Harvard, set up in the following words the political standard which every party ought to maintain:

> What is needed, then, is a party which will come forward with a definite principle and programme, and feel that it lives not for keeping in, but because it has a principle which it will support to the end. Such a party would incur temporary unpopularity, but it would bring about a great good to the country.

It is not necessary to agree with Mr. Bryan in order to recognize that he has uniformly upheld such a standard for his party. If, as a result of this election, the Democratic party abandons the attempt to identify itself with the spirit of compromise and to harmonize fundamentally discordant elements, and instead promulgates a programme expressing solidified political convictions, it will gain for itself a greater benefit from defeat than it could have had from victory. It is not now the time to say whether Mr. Bryan is the man to lay down the programme for the party, or to express its convictions. Mr. Watson, who was the candidate of the People's party, and who was on the Populist ticket in 1896 with Mr. Bryan, says that Mr. Bryan "has no more right at the present to say what the Democratic platform shall be in 1908 than any other distinguished Democrat." He declares that Mr. Bryan is as much bound by the St. Louis Convention as he was before the election, and that the "plutocratic element" in the party, now having all the party machinery, is more than ever in power. However this may be, it is clear that Mr. Bryan has the insight to perceive that party defeat cannot be accounted for by saying that there were "not enough Democrats," or that people were satisfied with the present prosperity, or that the trusts gave money to control the elections. There were definite convictions and a well-defined policy on the one side, there was a wide variety of opinion but a lack of concurrent and cohesive convictions on the other.

❀

Mr. Roosevelt as Seen from Abroad

Not only has Mr. Roosevelt received over ten thousand messages of congratulation from his countrymen; he has also received messages from such distinguished foreigners as the Pope, the German and Austrian Emperors, the President of France, and other rulers. The day after election he was the subject of favorable appreciation by such authoritative interpreters of public opinion as the London "Times," the Paris "Temps," and the Vienna "Freie Presse." More thoughtful still are the appreciations which appeared in the European weekly papers published a few days later. Chief among them, both in ability and influence, is the London "Spectator." Its editors frankly state that, "For ourselves, we do not profess any special liking for the Republican party." The editors of the "Spectator" are stout free-traders; the

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American Republican party is stoutly protectionist. The "Spectator" looks askance at some supposed American ideas about expansion; in its eyes the Republican party is ultra-jingo. Yet, after all, the "Spectator" comes to the conclusion that the American Presidential election is "a subject for congratulation throughout the English-speaking world." For it believes that President Roosevelt's administration will leave indelible traces upon the larger part of the English-speaking race, and that for the whole of that race it will be "a lesson in and an example of sound, sane government." While Mr. Roosevelt will not be afraid, it declares, to insist that the United States shall hold its own among the great Powers of the world, he will not seek foreign entanglement. However,

> If the Monroe Doctrine is not to be consigned to the political waste-paper basket, it must rest, in the last resource, upon naval and military power; and if America has not a fleet strong enough to say "Thus far and no farther" to those who shall challenge the doctrine, that doctrine in the future will not prove worth the paper on which the Presidential message of 1823 was written.

After predicting that the Panama Canal will be completed by President Roosevelt, the "Spectator" turns its attention to the prospective policy of the American Government in relation to the Asiatic shore of the Pacific, and says:

> In the Far East, and in all that concerns the future of China, we may expect the President, acting under the advice of Secretary of State Hay, who is now unquestionably one of the ablest, if not the ablest, of living diplomatists, to maintain the attitude already adopted.

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State Elections: Mr. Douglas's Victory

Surprising as were the tremendous plurality for President Roosevelt and the great majority won by the Republicans in the next House of Representatives, the State results in many instances were even a greater marvel, especially to the practical politicians. Massachusetts is one of the States in the East worthy of special comment. Here, stemming a Republican tide which gave the Republican National ticket approximately 90,000, William L. Douglas, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was elected by as large a plurality as was given to his opponent at the previous election in 1903. A survey of his career is presented in Mr. Bridgman's article on another page. Mr. Douglas made his campaign on a National issue, and this issue had to do with reciprocity, the tariff, and free raw materials. Mr. Douglas made his arguments specially applicable to New England. He held that no corporation was entitled to protection so long as it sold a portion of its product abroad at a less price than it sold the same article at home. He showed that a recent purchase of leather which had cost him $550,000 had paid $55,000 duty, and this had to be added to the price of shoes. He held that the tariff and trust questions were the same. He claimed to have demonstrated that the people of Massachusetts paid six dollars for protection per capita for every dollar they gained per capita, and that the 650,000 homes in the State contributed $650,000,000 a year to the protected trusts. In addition to this argument, his record for fair treatment of labor, reinforced by his rise from the ranks of wage-earners, made him strong with the labor men of the State, with whom his opponent, Governor Bates, was for several reasons unpopular. The vote in Massachusetts shows not only how large a number of voters were ready to cast their ballots independently, but also how large a proportion of such voters are to be found, not among people of wealth and intellectual culture, but among the "plain people." Mr. Douglas's victory is a caution, if not a rebuke, to such as are infected with the pride of culture. In view of the National issue involved in Mr. Douglas's campaign, many Republican leaders are recognizing the force of sentiment in favor of tariff revision.

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State Elections: Mixed Successes

The personality of the President stands out clearly in the returns of his own State of New York. Here he was practically 100,000 votes stronger than his party. There is a reasonable difference of opinion as to whether the enthusiasm for Mr. Roosevelt carried Mr. Higgins into the Governorship, or whether the margin of Mr. Roosevelt's

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vote over that of Mr. Higgins represents the number of Democrats who voted for the Republican candidate for President. In New Jersey the Republicans elected their Governor by fifty-odd thousand plurality, and yet Mr. Stokes ran nearly 25,000 behind the ticket. Under ordinary conditions, in an "off year," it is very probable that Mr. Black, the Democratic candidate, would have won on the issue of equal taxation. In Rhode Island, although Mr. Roosevelt had a plurality larger than Mr. McKinley had in 1900, Governor Garvin, the Democratic Governor, was defeated by only a few hundreds. The Republicans won the Governorship of West Virginia, but by a small plurality, although Mr. Roosevelt had a record-breaking success for that State. In Missouri Mr. Folk, whose courageous prosecution of the "boodlers" of his own party has made him a National figure, was the only member of the Democratic ticket, State or National, to be elected. Even the State Legislature is Republican, which will insure the choice of a Republican to succeed General Francis M. Cockrell in the United States Senate. The success of Mr. Folk under these conditions is a popular repudiation of the charge that he had compromised with the baser elements in his party in order to obtain the nomination. It would have been an injury to the whole Nation if the people of the State had allowed him to go to defeat because of unworthy colleagues. In Delaware the prospects are that enough Regular Republicans are chosen to the Legislature to make it still impossible for J. Edward Addicks to be chosen Senator. And this practically the whole Nation, without respect to section or party, will hope is the case. In Wisconsin the re-election of Governor La Follette shows that the temper of the State has not changed in its determination that the State shall control the corporations, not the corporations the State. The election of Mr. Deneen in Illinois, like Mr. Folk's election, is a victory for clean government, but was less conspicuous because it was not in contrast to the general Republican triumph, as was the case in Massachusetts and Missouri and Minnesota.

State Elections: Colorado, Minnesota, and Maryland

Governor Peabody was defeated in Colorado, although the State went by a large majority for Mr. Roosevelt. The Governor-elect is Alva Adams, and the contest was one of the hardest that Colorado has ever known. The Governor and his Adjutant-General were on trial at this election, and they boldly defended their high-handed course at Cripple Creek in deporting union miners on the ground that that was the only way in which the Anarchistic methods adopted by the union could have been met. The Democrats were in a good position, because they had as their candidate for Governor a former Governor of the State who had met similar labor troubles without recourse to the methods carried out by Adjutant-General Bell. Governor Peabody had been unpopular, and would never have been renominated if circumstances had not identified him personally with the suppression of violence. Unhappily, there was a false issue in Colorado between order and liberty. As a matter of fact, the one is impossible without the other. The outcome seems to indicate that the people of Colorado believed liberty to be in greater danger than order, and the freedom of the individual, even at the risk of violence, more to be desired than the suppression of violence by oppressive methods. As a personal triumph, that of John A. Johnson in Minnesota belongs beside that of Mr. Douglas and that of Mr. Folk. Although the plurality for Mr. Roosevelt in Minnesota was larger than the State had ever given to any candidate before, the plurality for Mr. Johnson, the Democratic candidate for Governor, was very large. The reason was entirely outside of party issues. The faction with which his opponent was identified was widely distrusted. Mr. Johnson's election was therefore primarily a defeat of Robert C. Dunn, the Republican candidate. Moreover, an unjust attack on Mr. Johnson's personal character, insinuating against him brutal treatment of his own father and mother, was proved false. It turned out that from the time he was fourteen years old he had been the support of the family. The revul-

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sion of feeling made his success inevitable. In Maryland the result is doubtful, owing, it is said, to an awkward ballot system; the electoral vote will probably be divided. Senator Gorman made his campaign one of personal leadership. He went on the stump and made President Roosevelt a special object of attack. The race question was distorted in every possible way. Whatever the recount may show, nothing can now make Mr. Gorman's efforts appear other than ineffectual or his prestige other than greatly if not permanently impaired. The passing of Arthur Pue Gorman would be not one of the least benefits wrought by these amazing elections.

❀

Chicago's Referendum Votes

Chicago might almost be said to be acquiring the referendum habit. At the recent election seven different propositions were submitted to popular vote in that city, one being a bond issue. The most important related to the subject of charter revision. The Illinois Constitution of 1870 forbade special legislation for cities. Chicago has about two million population, the city next in size in the State having less than one hundred thousand. Obviously the one great city in the State requires different charter powers than the smaller municipalities. The proper development of Chicago has been seriously hampered by the restrictions upon its powers. To remedy the situation an amendment to the Constitution of the State was proposed, authorizing the Legislature of Illinois to confer upon Chicago a special charter, with adequate powers. To prevent abuse of this power by the Legislature it was stipulated that no law enacted pursuant to this Constitutional amendment should become effective until approved by the people of Chicago on a referendum vote. The adoption of this amendment was a difficult matter, for the reason that, in order to carry, it must have a majority of all votes cast in the State. As the result of an active campaign the amendment was adopted. There was no serious opposition, the problem being to get the affirmative vote cast, every person voting at the election and failing to vote on this question practically being counted in the negative. The civic organizations of Chicago are taking up in earnest the question of charter revision, with a view to getting from the next Legislature a progressive city charter. Chicago's efforts in the line of charter-building will be watched with interest, as the disposition in that city is to make the Council rather than the Mayor the chief repository of power. Many leading citizens of Chicago even favor following the English custom of having the Mayor elected by the Council. This is radically different from the tendency in other American cities, notably New York, where the Mayor is all-powerful and the Council merely a figurehead.

❀

Other Issues Voted On

Another proposition voted on in Chicago, or rather in Cook County, was that of practically making the registration of land titles under the Torrens system compulsory. The Torrens system has been in operation in Cook County, Illinois, for about five years as a voluntary system. Land to the value of about five million dollars has been registered, the number of Torrens certificates in circulation being about 2,500. At the request of advocates of the extension of the system, a law was passed by the last Legislature requiring estates while going through probate to be registered. It is estimated that this will bring all land under the operation of the Torrens act in about thirty-three years. The Probate Judge has the power, for reasons that may seem to him good, to except any particular piece of land from this rule. The law was to become effective only when approved by a referendum vote. The result of the ballot on this proposition was 234,984 votes for and 28,919 against, out of a total vote cast at the election in the county of about four hundred thousand. This experiment of virtually compulsory registration of land titles under the Torrens system will be watched by the country at large with much interest. Another proposition approved by the Chicago electorate by a large majority was that of using voting

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machines at elections. Three other questions were submitted to the voters of the State of Illinois under the public opinion law, the votes upon which are mere expressions of opinion. The returns upon these propositions from the State at large are not yet at hand. The vote in Chicago was largely in the affirmative on all three propositions. One question was that of direct primaries, approved in Chicago by a vote of 230,216 for to 21,355 against. Upon the question as to whether the Legislature should vest in the people of municipalities the veto power over acts of their legislative bodies through the referendum, the vote was 216,243 in the affirmative and 25,527 in the negative. Upon the question of local option in taxation the vote was 182,345 in the affirmative and 54,569 in the negative.

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Mr. Bryce on American Progress

Last week at the City Club, New York City, a reception was given to the Right Hon. James Bryce, M.P., the distinguished publicist and statesman. After he had shaken hands with several hundred men, he was formally welcomed in addresses by Messrs. Fulton Cutting and Seth Low. Mr. Bryce's reply should gratify every American who cares about better government. For the contrast between civic conditions at the time of the publication of "The American Commonwealth" and to-day shows that Americans have to a not inconsiderable degree redeemed themselves from the hands of spoilsmen. Mr. Bryce modestly disclaimed undue credit for the book; he declared that he had only recorded therein the information gleaned from American citizens. "I wrote 'The American Commonwealth,'" he added, "to carry a lamp to the darkness of Europe. I was greatly surprised when I found that the lamp was more valued in the sunlight of American freedom." Mr. Bryce then described his first visit to New York City. At that time the Tweed régime was in full power—"a spectacle of government such as had never been seen before and will never be seen again. . . . No one can doubt that since then there has been a wonderful upward progress." Turning to a consideration of the great event of the previous day, the speaker said:

> I was the spectator while fifteen million citizens cast their votes for the form of government which they desired. The results were announced, but there was no rioting, or even expression of chagrin. The spectacle was something of which to be proud. Those who approve of the result of the day and those who deprecated it have one satisfaction in common. They know that the result achieved was achieved by the will of the people. Indeed, the election yesterday realized the prophecy of that writer who foretold the day when the will of the people would be reached by counting heads instead of breaking them.

In conclusion, Mr. Bryce said that the existence of the City Club and similar organizations to further municipal reform was the best sign of popular interest in government. Hence, he added, "No people on the globe has so great a right to be optimistic as you Americans."

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The War in the East

The lull in active operations continued last week both at Port Arthur and before Mukden. Perhaps the most important item of actual news for the week was that of the arrival of part of the Russian Baltic fleet at Dakar, a French port on the coast of West Africa, and of the other section of the fleet at Port Saïd. The arrangements for coaling the Russian vessels appear to have been thorough.——Repeated reports from Russian sources that General Kuroki was killed on October 4 are not confirmed by advices from Japan, and would not seem worth mentioning if it were not for the persistence with which they are repeated.——An official report from St. Petersburg places the total of the Russian killed and wounded in the last great battle—that at the Shakhe—at 33,250, of whom 900 were officers.——It seems to be positively known now that the Japanese battle-ship Yashima was in fact destroyed by a mine off Dalny last June; the Japanese have kept the fact concealed with great skill, and the Russian reports at the time were not generally believed; the Yashima was one of Japan's five modern battle-ships, and her loss was a

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serious one.——A correspondent of the Chicago "Daily News" last week sent an interesting account of a visit to Port Arthur. The correspondent ventured near the place with a companion in a boat, was picked up by a Russian torpedo-boat, and was allowed to visit several of the Russian ships, which he found in a frightfully filthy condition and short of ammunition, but with plenty of coal. The harbor, he says, has been barricaded against the Japanese by sinking a large Russian ship, but a passage has been kept which can be opened at pleasure. The correspondent was received by General Stoessel at his home, and found that the Russian commander was entirely ignorant of the position of General Kuropatkin at Mukden, and believed him to be advancing southward to the aid of Port Arthur. The whole garrison expected that Kuropatkin would attack the Japanese rear at any moment. Ninety per cent. of the Japanese shells which fall in Port Arthur do no damage, and the average weekly number of killed is about thirty. Traffic and trade go on smoothly, and restaurants are running. Horseflesh is the only fresh meat, but there are still left large quantities of canned eatables of all kinds. Typhoid, the correspondent reports, is prevalent, and only cistern-water can be had. It is pleasant to learn that General Stoessel praised highly the bravery and kindness of the Japanese in taking care of the Russian wounded, and said that he felt proud of fighting such a foe. The impression made by this extremely interesting interview with General Stoessel emphasizes the already existing impression that he is a man of intelligence and heart as well as high courage and military skill.

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Lansdowne on Arbitration

Lord Lansdowne, the British Minister of Foreign Affairs, in a very important speech at the Lord Mayor's dinner last Thursday evening, declared to a somewhat unsympathetic audience that arbitration was the only proper method in which the North Sea dispute between Russia and England could have been equably settled. "Could we," he asked, "have done better than get full apology and compensation and leave the question of facts to an international tribunal with a guarantee of punishment of any one who may be found guilty? . . . Great Britain has adopted the only course in referring the matter to an independent and impartial tribunal, and we found no difficulty in arriving at the principal questions or in deciding that the terms for their reference under the Hague Convention were such as we could accept." He added that the Government has received distinct assurances that the Russian officers detained from sailing with the Baltic fleet were those who were directly implicated, and that if inquiry showed that others were culpable they also would be punished. Great Britain has received the full expression of regret, the promise of ample compensation, and a guarantee against a recurrence of the accident, with security for all neutral commerce and promise of the punishment of the guilty persons. He drew a vivid picture of the horrors of the war in the Far East, and declared that it was his hope and belief that it would give a stimulus to the growing desire for "less clumsy and brutal methods" of adjusting international differences. He reported that the day before Mr. Choate had asked him if the British Government was ready to sign an arbitration treaty with America, and added that he had been asked by President Roosevelt to participate in a second International Peace Conference; to which he had replied that, reserving the right to consider subjects and terms of reference, Great Britain was ready to participate and could wish the President Godspeed. "Arbitration," said Lord Lansdowne, "has become the fashion;" and he might have added that it is rapidly becoming a necessity forced upon the world by modern conditions. The tone of the speech was so emphatically pacific and its expression of horror at the slaughter going on in Manchuria so graphic and emphatic that it has been interpreted in some quarters as a suggestion that friendly intervention was now in order. However this may be, it is a notable sign of the times that the Foreign Minister of the Government

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which controls the greatest navy of the world should declare so unqualifiedly in favor of arbitration as a substitute for war in international differences.

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Rumors of Peace During the past week the air has been full of reports of friendly mediation between Russia and Japan, and some of these statements have been very definite in their character. It is believed that the Japanese made an informal approach to the Russian Government and were rebuffed; but there is growing evidence that the Great Powers are quietly using all their influence to open the way for the cessation of the present war, the length and especially the waste and brutality of which have made the whole world sick at heart. This feeling, coming at a time when the movement for arbitration treaties is making its way everywhere, and close upon the call of President Roosevelt for a second Hague Conference, is very significant. When the French Foreign Minister stated the other day that the time had not yet come for a friendly Power to intervene between Russia and Japan, and that any attempt in that direction would be futile at the moment, the statement implied that the time would come, and it expressed by implication also the anxiety of the Great Powers that the time should come in the near future. It is clear that there is no desire on the part of any nation to interfere in any unfriendly spirit, and that no offer of mediation will be pressed in too urgent a manner. On the contrary, the desire for mediation is an expression of the friendliness of the world to both the warring powers, and is based on the conclusion at which the whole world seems to have arrived, that something like an *impasse* has been reached in Manchuria. Russia will not be able, probably, to hold her own in that country; on the other hand, she may be able for a long time to keep up the fight from a sense of pride. Russia does not need to prove either her courage or her endurance; the whole world accepts them. What the world now desires is the termination of a fight which seems to have reached an actual conclusion instead of allowing it to drag on indefinitely after the issues are settled.

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Reform in Russia Despatches from St. Petersburg and from an apparently authoritative source report a very important movement in the internal affairs of Russia, which, if it is allowed to work itself out in natural ways, may solve some of the problems of that distracted country and open the path for its free development along its lines of strength. The accession of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky as Minister of the Interior has, apparently, brought to a head a Liberal movement of a rational, constructive kind, having behind it neither Radicals nor Revolutionists, but the great body of liberal-minded Russians, who, it is well known, love the Emperor and detest the bureaucracy, but who have no sympathy with violent methods. It is not impossible that the death of Von Plehve marked the end of the cruel policy of repression of which he was the embodiment, and that the advent of Prince Sviatopolk-Mirsky and his frank taking of the people into his confidence, reported in these columns two weeks ago, marks the beginning of a new era in Russian affairs. Russian policy as regards Finland, if this observer is not mistaken, has already been greatly modified. The Finnish National Diet will meet next month. Prominent Finlanders who were exiled under the Von Plehve policy have received permission to return to Finland or to go abroad; the oppressive surveillance of the police has been relaxed; banishment by administrative order has been abolished; many political prisoners exiled to Siberia have been recalled; promises of greater tolerance have been made to the Jews; and in two important trials the doors have been thrown open to the public. Moreover, censorship has been relaxed in Russia itself, and the newspapers are speaking with a frankness which has not been known in the country for years past. Long accounts of the two trials referred to have been printed; student demonstrations have been reported; and resolutions expressing the desire that the

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war would end have been given considerable space. The editor of one of the most prominent Russian papers declared last week that never in his memory had Russian papers been allowed such liberty. The reality of this movement and the sincerity of the Government will be tested by a meeting of the presidents of thirty-eight provincial zemstvos, or local assemblies, which is announced to take place on Saturday of this week; and while the meeting is not to be of a public character, and its programme is a conservative one, yet the subjects announced aim at national co-operation of the zemstvos and hint at the elective principle. Under the circumstances this meeting is regarded as critical. The enemies of the Minister of the Interior and the reactionaries are doing their utmost to postpone the meeting, and the question will be decided by the Emperor early this week. If the meeting is held, as scheduled, it will be interpreted as a step in advance, and as expressing the sympathy of the Emperor with the policy of Prince Sviatapolk-Mirsky; if it is postponed, it will be regarded as an expression of his lack of sympathy with the movement which the Minister of the Interior represents.

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The Italian Elections

On Sunday of this week second ballotings in the Italian general elections took place. In the Socialistic centers of Milan, Turin, Genoa, and Florence the result confirmed the interpretation in these columns of the previous Sunday's elections. The Italian people again and emphatically condemned the general strike of last September, by which, for five days throughout the country, the Socialistic leaders succeeded in stopping railway trains and cabs, freight and delivery wagons in the cities, in preventing newspapers from being published, and in closing cafés and bakeshops. The first ballots resulted in giving to Milan—the center of revolutionary, not State, Socialism—two Conservative representatives; the second ballots sent to the rear such instigators of the strike as Nofri, the organizer of the railway employees in Turin, and Chiesa, the organizer of the navvies in Genoa. More significant still was the experience of the famous Socialistic apostle, Ferri. This was chiefly due to the fact that, for the first time since 1870, not only did many Roman Catholic laymen disregard the Papal "non expedit" against voting, but these were now joined by certain priests and monks. The Church's surprising activity provoked hostile Socialistic demonstrations, rioting occurred, and even the women showed their feeling by tearing the gowns of ecclesiastics. To his credit, Signor Ferri, from a balcony, exhorted the people to be calm, and predicted the ultimate triumph of Socialism. The Government, however, ordered out a company of cavalry, scattering the rioters, making many arrests, and occupying the streets. The strength of the ninety seats occupied by the Extreme Left (Socialistic) in the Chamber of Deputies, which includes more than five hundred members, has been materially reduced. In elections for the Chamber second ballotings are often necessary, because no deputy may be returned to Parliament unless he has obtained a majority of the whole number of votes. In countries like Italy and France, where the group system rather than the two-party system prevails, elections are proportionately complex. The recent dissolution by royal decree of the Chamber of Deputies and the resultant summons to an election does not, of course, affect the Senate, the Upper House of the Italian Parliament. The King always has the power to dissolve the Lower House, and was urged to do so by many Socialists and Constitutionalists alike. Each side wished ratification at the polls of its defiance or upholding of the law last September. The Constitutionalists have won, and the Socialists in Parliament are the poorer by about twenty seats.

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Cuban Progress

President Palma's message to the Cuban Congress, which reassembled last week, gives renewed evidence of the calm, quiet, and satisfactory way in which the government of our small sister republic is carried on. The larger part of the message was devoted to the commerce and

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finances of the country, although education and sanitary reform were given prominence. As to the last, the President emphasized the responsibility of the general government as pledged to the United States and recommended special action by Congress for the further sanitation of Santiago. It is almost literally true that Cuba has been absolutely free from yellow fever the last year. We think a single case only was known to exist, and this was imported from some other West Indian island. The industrial condition has improved. The exports for the year ending June 30, 1904, nearly doubled those for the year 1900. The imports have not increased as largely, but it is to be noted that there has been a large increase in the amount of manufactured goods, while the falling off has been in foodstuffs, which of course shows that the people of Cuba are extending their agricultural production. There is nothing in President Palma's message, nor in the other reports of Cuban affairs, to indicate danger from revolution or the existence of any opposition to the government which is not constitutional and such as may be found in the United States. One of the most difficult problems before the Republic is the payment of the Cuban soldiers. To meet the just demand of those who should be rewarded without accepting the greedy claims of those who are not entitled to recognition, or burdening the people with unjust or excessive taxation, is indeed a difficult problem. President Palma advises that a special loan of $11,000,000 be raised to pay the claimants about half the balance now due them, and points out that no fewer than twenty-six thousand persons have sold their claims in whole or in part at enormous discount. The debt-incurring power of Cuba is limited by a provision of the Platt Amendment, and this seems to be exercising a helpful influence in preventing reckless and extravagant appropriations. The Cuban Railway Company, President Palma says, is in financial difficulty; and as the construction of the road is of real importance to the island, he recommends that the State guarantee the interest on the bonds for three years. The report indicates a reasonably satisfactory, although not a remarkably rapid, industrial development, and the prevalence of the most commendable political stability.

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An Experiment in Congregationalism

In the Old South Church of Boston, Massachusetts, on November 9, the Suffolk Union Conference, an organization which was described in The Outlook for December 5, 1903, held its first annual meeting. The Union was formed of three existing Suffolk Conferences of Congregational churches to overcome some of the evils of too much separateness on the part of the churches, and to secure more fellowship, with greater unity of administration. The Rev. William R. Campbell, Secretary, presented the report of the Board of Commissioners, which was charged at the time of organization with oversight of the field, and to which the churches were recommended to apply for settlement of difficulties. During the year initiative has been taken about equally by the Commission and the churches. Within the sphere of the Commission have been brought not only the churches composing the Conference, but also various missionary societies. As a result of the work of the Commission, a Sunday-school has been established which is expected to grow into a church, a field has been abandoned because another denomination was found to have pre-empted it, several cases of church controversy have been settled through conferences with the Commission, and plans for a consolidation of churches have been considered. By means of the Commission, architectural and legal advice and business counsel have been rendered and direct gifts of money have gone to needy churches. Larger questions of denominational policy have been discussed, such as the promotion of evangelistic work among foreign immigrants, the undermanning of large city churches, the continuance of institutional churches, and the like. In all this there have been no encroachments made upon the Congregational principle. So far the Union seems to have been abun-

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dantly justified. The report of the Commission is matter of interest to all churches maintaining the Congregational polity.

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A Case in Point On Friday evening last the Pittsfield Express, one of the fastest trains on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, after it had passed Port Chester at a high rate of speed, struck a door which had fallen from a passing freight-car. The trucks of the locomotive were thrown off, and the train went crashing along the ties on the high bridge near the town. Railroad experts declare that its escape from toppling off the trestle was almost a miracle. The only accident in this case appears to have been the escape of the passengers. If they had been destroyed, it would have been called an accident, but it would have had none of the elements of an accident. It was entirely preventable. Every railroad in the country received tragic notice of the possibility of this kind of casualty by the falling of a piece of timber from a freight train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad last winter and the slaughter of a large number of passengers. The Outlook at that time called attention to the slovenliness of management which permitted such an accident —slovenliness in two respects: in careless placing of freight on open cars, and in the absence of a man from the end of the train to prevent the very thing which had happened. Have the managers of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad any explanation to offer for an occurrence which escaped being a calamity apparently by pure accident?

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Prompt Dealing with Criminals The Outlook has several times pointed out the prime importance of doing away with the law's delay in criminal cases. The subject has assumed special importance because of the impatience shown by lynching mobs with the dilatory methods prevailing in the courts. Were this an unreasonable impatience, it might and ought to be disregarded; but, however unjustifiable the mode by which that impatience is expressed, it is itself impossible of suppression. Promptness as well as rigor is essential in effectual punitive measures. For this reason The Outlook calls attention with special pleasure to the practice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania. This is stated as follows by the Pittsburg "Gazette:"

> That court never delays the final determination of a criminal case. When an appeal is taken in a murder case it is promptly set down for a hearing wherever the court may be in session, and does not wait, like civil cases, to be reached when the turn of that particular county court comes up. When the case comes up the rule of the court is inexorable that it shall be disposed of at the time appointed. A good instance of this is the case of Miles, Jackson, and Obey, the negroes convicted of murdering John Kluzor at Leetsdale. The usual appeal was taken in their case, and on Monday an attempt was made to secure a continuance which would carry the case over to the next term, but the court refused the motion, and as counsel for the convicts were not ready to argue the appeal, the case is closed.

The facts as here given, we have the highest authority for saying, are literally true. The example of the Pennsylvania Court ought to be followed by every court of last resort in the Nation. If this were done, and if Justice Brewer's recommendation were adopted that appeals be allowed only in case the presiding judge reserved a question of doubt, the result would be as great a deterrent of crime as any improvement in penology could effect.

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Safety of Ferryboats The action of the President in removing the inspectors who were guilty of negligence in the examination of the General Slocum has been universally commended, and was a long step in the right direction. Now, if other men whose negligence contributed in any way to that terrible disaster can be brought to trial, the public will feel that something has been done. When such a tragedy as the fall of the Darlington Apartment House is a matter of three or four days' talk and then passes into the realm of forgetfulness, the public naturally grows cynical; but a matter of even greater interest than the bringing to book of men guilty either of negligence or, what

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is worse—as in the case of some of the furnishers of life-preservers—of infamous deceit, is the protection of the men, women, and children of New York against the possibility of a recurrence of these accidents. Have the ferryboats been subjected to thorough inspection? Any one who will cross from Christopher Street to Hoboken, for instance, between the hours of five and six in the afternoon, will be impressed by the crowding of the boats, and by the possibilities of frightful disaster in case of accident or panic. Have these boats been thoroughly inspected? Is it known by responsible persons that there are as many life-preservers on board as there ought to be? Have the crews been drilled? Is any provision made to arrest a panic if one should break out? Has everything been done to protect women and children if accident or fire should suddenly assail the mass of human beings who crowd the ferryboat solidly from stem to stern? These are questions to be asked and answered now, and not postponed until they are asked and answered in the light of a horrible tragedy.

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Railway Development

The advance sheets of Poor's "Manual of Railways" for 1904 are particularly interesting reading. A statement of the miles of railway in 1830 and at the close of 1903 shows that in the first-named year twenty-three miles were in operation; in the last named, no less than 207,000 miles. Together with the second tracks, sidings, etc., we have a total of nearly 290,000 miles, of which no less than 271,000 consist of steel rails. Of the approximately one million and a half cars, 28,000 are passenger coaches, 10,000 are devoted to mail, etc., and the vast remainder to freight. The revenue from freight traffic continues far greater than that from passenger. The capital stock of railways in the United States is placed at $6,355,000,000, or over $30,000 a mile. The bonded debt amounts to something more. The total stock, bonds, and unfunded debt, representing approximately the cost of our railways and their equipments, is $13,525,000,000, or slightly over $65,000 a mile. More interesting still are statistics concerning capitalization and the return thereon, in a table which compares freight and passenger rates and the return on stocks and bonds during the past twenty-one years. For instance, in 1883 the average percentage rate of interest was 4.94 per cent; in 1903, 4.13; the average percentage rate of dividends in 1883 was 2.76; in 1903, 3.01. Twenty-one years ago the average rate for a ton per mile was 1.22 of a cent; last year it was 0.78. The average rate per passenger per mile was 2.42 cents; last year it was 2.05 cents. Railway net earnings per mile have increased somewhat—namely, from $2,679 to $2,877; but the percentage of expenses to earnings has also increased from nearly sixty-four per cent. in 1883 to nearly sixty-nine per cent. last year. These statistics are of value, then, as indicating that the railway magnates have perhaps not been increasing their profits as much as has been popularly supposed.

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The Whistler Etchings

The Grolier Club, in New York City, is having an exhibition of etchings by the late James McNeill Whistler, an event of importance in the world of art. This eminent etcher and painter executed something like four hundred and twenty plates, of which the present exhibition includes nearly three hundred. The exhibition numbers nearly five hundred impressions, if one counts the different states, and this constitutes its most instructive feature to any one who would study the painter's work in this field of art. Whistler sometimes executed four or five different impressions of the same plate. The value of these different impressions is to be recognized in the Thames set, the French set, but especially in the famous Venice set, where, by such means, the tonal quality of Venetian architecture is actually portrayed. The architecture of most cities seems often cold in comparison with the Venetian. In the façade of St. Mark's Church—to quote the most notable example—one finds not only a wonderful line, but a wonderful luminosity.

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Painters may reproduce the blue green and red of Venetian skies, canals, campanili, but it is only an etcher like Whistler who gives to us again not only line but tone. Whistler did not take up etching as an adjunct to painting; he was always an ardent etcher. The present exhibition is an impressive one as showing the various steps in his development. While there are certain numbers interesting only because they are early attempts, the majority awaken increasing wonder that this etcher throughout a long life should have combined not only the delicacy of accurate little strokes, fine as lace, no one of which could be missed without injury to the whole, but knew how to reproduce in unrivaled manner the very atmosphere of the place portrayed.

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The English "Parsifal"

It is simple justice to Mr. Henry W. Savage to say that whatever defects might have been observable by the critics in the Boston performance of "Parsifal" under his management have been cured, and that in stage-setting and dramatic representation the English rendering of "Parsifal" is not inferior to the German rendering, except in so far as the lesser size of the stage involves less effective representation. With that exception, the scenic effects at the New York Theater are equal to those at the Metropolitan Opera-House, and, without making comparisons, the acting is of a high class. The only differences noticeable between the English and the German representation are two: the orchestra in the English representation is distinctly inferior both in size and in perfection of execution; it neither plays with the harmonic unity nor with the force and fire of the German. And whether it is due to the audience or to something indefinable in the presentation, something of the atmospheric effect of the German representation is lacking. But Mr. Savage has unquestionably demonstrated that "Parsifal" can be adequately interpreted in English and in a theater of moderate size, and has put it within the power of people with moderate purses to enjoy this the greatest of musical dramas.

What May be Expected of Mr. Roosevelt

In the issue of July 2, 1904, following Mr. Roosevelt's nomination, The Outlook said: "In the coming campaign the real Republican platform will be the public acts and utterances of Mr. Roosevelt." The campaign has proved the truth of this declaration. Very little reference has been made to the Republican National platform; not much to the public acts and utterances of other Republican leaders. Mr. Roosevelt more than the Republican party, Mr. Roosevelt's utterances more than the Republican platform, have been on trial. It is against Mr. Roosevelt that the criticisms of the Democratic press and orators have been leveled. It is Mr. Roosevelt who has been accused of violating international law, of representing and encouraging the spirit of militarism, of carrying a "big stick" in a spirit of "brag and bluster," of being an ally of the trusts while depending on their support, of "standing pat" with an inequitable and unjust tariff and abandoning former free-trade principles in order to win protection votes and protection campaign funds. Agreed in nothing else, Democratic newspapers and orators have agreed in opposing Mr. Roosevelt and calling loudly for his condemnation. His friends have accepted the issue thus presented, and a majority approximating 2,000,000 for Mr. Roosevelt and what he represents is the result. What now has the country a right to expect of him? Evidently, that he carry out his own platform, as that has been framed not for him but by him, and as it is found not in the official utterances of his party but in his own utterances. We shall not undertake to say here what the country does expect of him. He is either an extraordinarily wise man or an ordinarily foolish one who undertakes to speak for the whole country. We are neither wise enough nor foolish enough to do so. But we undertake to say what some of Mr. Roosevelt's supporters expect of him, and we believe that in this we fairly reflect the younger and the more

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progressive element in the enormous army of his supporters.

I. We expect that all his influence will be exerted in favor of tariff reform. He has declared very explicitly that he believes in the principle of protection. He has declared himself equally explicitly in favor of modifications from time to time in the tariff to meet changed industrial conditions, and specifically in favor of reciprocity treaties. Progressive Republicans—before the election we should have perhaps said Roosevelt Republicans, but apparently all Republicans and a considerable proportion of Democrats are Roosevelt Republicans—expect from him and hope from his party a policy of tariff reform along the lines which he has himself indicated in his public speeches. These include at least three modifications of the present tariff.

First: Such a reduction of the tariff between this country and the Philippines as will give to American subjects across the sea freer access to American markets. Whether there should be absolute free trade between America and the Philippines or not we do not undertake to say. A protectionist may claim that some tariff on our imports into the Philippines is desirable to promote their industries. A believer in indirect taxation may claim that some tariff on both imports into and exports from the Philippines is necessary in order to give the Philippine Islands an adequate income. But we fail to see how anything but a narrow, short-sighted selfishness can demand the exclusion of the products of Philippine industry from the freest competition with American industry on American soil, for the purpose of protecting American manufacturers. America is governing the Filipinos. All just governments exist for the benefit of the governed; and it is impossible for any one to maintain that excluding Filipino products from the American market is for the benefit of the Filipinos.

Second: The reduction of the tariff on all goods which habitually and in any considerable amount are sold more cheaply by American manufacturers abroad than at home. That in some instances a by-product may be sold to a limited extent in a foreign market more cheaply than the same product is sold regularly at home may be true. But it is impossible to claim with a serious face that a legislation can be called protective to Americans the general effect of which is to enable the manufacturer to charge from ten to twenty per cent. more to American than to foreign purchasers.

Third: The negotiation of reciprocity treaties for the purpose of opening foreign markets to American products. This ought to be done whenever there is a reasonable ground to believe that the opportunity for free competition in a foreign market will afford a reasonable compensation for opening the door to a free competition in our own. We cannot build a wall between America and other countries which has not two sides to it. We cannot build a wall which will allow all our products to go freely into the other country and allow none of its products to come into our own. Trade is exchange of products; and if we are to send our products to other lands, we must take their products in exchange. Free trade allows each individual to decide what products he will take; by reciprocity the nation decides what products it will take; a prohibitory tariff says the nation will take none. And if it takes nothing it can give nothing, unless it gives its products for nothing. In his second annual Message in December, 1902, Mr. Roosevelt said:

> One way in which the readjustment sought can be reached is by reciprocity treaties. It is greatly to be desired that such treaties may be adopted. They can be used to widen our markets and to give a greater field for the activities of our producers on the one hand, and, on the other hand, to secure in practical shape the lowering of duties when they are no longer needed for protection among our own people, or when the minimum of damage done may be disregarded for the sake of the maximum of good accomplished.

Progressive Republicans expect to see the President exert his influence in favor of tariff reform along some such lines as are here indicated, and they hope that Congress will follow his lead and embody his principles in legislative action.

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II. It is an open secret that Mr. Roosevelt's campaign against the trusts was undertaken despite the advice of some of his most experienced and wisest counselors. The result has proved the political expediency of his courage. It may safely be said that the country expects that he will take no backward step; progressive Republicans hope that he will take a forward one. His proposed remedy for monopoly involves, first, a reasonable publicity; second, a Governmental regulation of such issues of stock as are founded on the expectation of future profits; third, the exercise by the Federal Government of such regulation over the great corporations as may be necessary for the public welfare; and, fourth, to secure these ends, a department of Government invested with supervising powers. These principles have already been adopted by the Republican party, the governmental department recommended by the President has been created, and the investigations necessary for further action have been indicated.

Progressive Republicans hope to see one further step taken toward a proper governmental control of corporations, especially the great carrying corporations. For this purpose they desire to see the Inter-State Commerce Commission invested with judicial powers, so that it may not merely recommend action to be enforced by the courts, but may become itself a court with power to enforce its own decrees. This is not radicalism. It is a programme which has been long urged upon Congress by conservative shipping interests. It was embodied in the action of the Inter-State Commerce Law Convention at St. Louis, reported in last week's Outlook. It is not Socialism, nor an approximation toward Socialism. It is, on the contrary, a protection against Socialistic schemes. Mr. Bryan has already launched upon the country his plan for having the railroads owned by the separate States, a plan which would be fatal to unity of co-operative action in carrying on inter-State commerce. Others have proposed the ownership of all railroads by the Federal Government, a plan difficult to harmonize with our Federal system, dangerous to the political integrity of the States, and in the present condition of politics more likely to end in the railroads owning the Nation than the Nation owning the railroads. The remedy for these schemes—one of them of disorganization, the other of centralization—is the plan of the Inter-State Commerce Law Commission; a plan which leaves private industry to carry on the commerce of the country, but requires it to carry that commerce on in ways which the country deems just and equitable. This plan is quite in harmony with the fundamental principles which Mr. Roosevelt has so vigorously affirmed, and progressive Republicans hope that he may adopt and make it his own.

Mr. Roosevelt has not been elected dictator. He has no right, and we do not imagine that he has any inclination, to impose his will on Congress or on the country. And what shall be done with the tariff, and what with the trusts, is a question which Congress must answer. But the election has made it clear that Mr. Roosevelt is stronger than his party because he better understands the currents of public opinion, and because the country understands and has confidence in him. The recent election, in making him President of the United States, has also made him more than ever the leader of his party. The newspapers which thought a small majority was necessary to make him cautious did not know him; his overwhelming majority will do far more to make him so. He is the kind of man to be restrained, not excited, by the greatness of his opportunity and his responsibility. We ask nothing of him but this, that he use this opportunity to do what he consistently can to give the country relief from excessive prices, without abandoning the policy of protection to which both he and his party are committed; to extend our foreign trade by making, through reciprocity treaties, a freer trade; and to prevent that unjust discrimination in freight rates which has been the instrument of so great injustice. This much of forward movement may, we think, be expected of Mr. Roosevelt.

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The Crisis in France

After a series of conflicts between the religious and the civil power, France is face to face with one of the gravest crises of her history, the parliamentary assault which promises to bring about the abolition of the Concordat and the separation of Church and State. The Catholics must have made grievous mistakes, since 1871, to have come to their present condition, for in the early years of the Republic they had absolute control of affairs, and directed every functionary from the President of the Republic to the most insignificant constable of the smallest hamlet. They had their bishops in the Superior Council of education; their clergy controlled the common schools; their catechism and their creed were taught in the schools; their religious processions had right of way everywhere. The indices of their power were in most of the national institutions. Their nuns were in the common schools, in the lycée and the hospitals. Members of the Cabinet were waging war upon freethinkers, who were not allowed to have schools without religious teaching, and whose priestless funerals were forbidden after seven o'clock in the morning. Protestants were also restrained in their work, while their sons in the army were compelled, like those of Jews and freethinkers, to attend Catholic churches at stated times, and to kneel at the command of their officers. Catholic leaders openly discussed the recovery of the temporal power for the Pope while they prepared in their own country a monarchical restoration.

These leaders made such a use of their power as to create an irresistible Republican and anti-Clerical reaction. The Orders had so baffled the liberal aspirations of the most progressive elements of the nation that the whole movement was directed against them. "*Le Cléricalisme, voilà l'ennemi*," of Gambetta, and "*Paix aux curés et guerre aux moines*," of Paul Bert, were war-cries which indicated deep resentment against the Clericals on the part of the French democracy.

M. Combes is now leading this movement of secularization. This task is not an easy one. His party is pledged to the absolute dispossession of the clergy from all privileges which are not essentially religious. Doubtless these men are very radical in their purpose, but it must not be forgotten that, in 1882, the Republicans endeavored to be conservative in their educational policy. Their programme of morals was so framed that every religious man ought to have supported it, but, on the contrary, it met with the most inexplicable opposition of many of the Clericals. As a rule, the supporters of M. Combes stand for free philosophy, free science, and free religion. They often draw radical conclusions from their primciples, but, when allowances have been made for the violence of present discussions, it will be seen that they lean on the side of freedom. M. Combes himself is a theist, and neither responsible for nor sympathetic with the irreligious spirit of some of his friends. There is nothing anti-religious in his platform. His aim is to leave religion to itself. He has dispersed many orders and succeeded in securing the interdiction of the teaching of monastic associations, and has accomplished these ends in harsh and drastic ways. He has not, however, as is sometimes stated, prevented Catholics from having their own schools. Such schools may exist, and do exist, but cannot be taught by members of the Orders. Catholics may have secondary schools subject to similar laws. They will continue their university work, as it is carried on in the Institut Catholique of Paris, and in other institutions of a similar nature in other parts of France. Unfortunately, the establishment of parochial schools was a declaration of war upon the common schools, which, by inevitable reaction, became strongly anti-clerical and sometimes anti-religious. Yet the greater number of the books of morals used in these schools incline to the religious side, and the philosophy taught in the secondary schools is predominantly theistic and idealistic. When the present struggle has lost some of its intensity, and irritating questions are solved, these irreligious tendencies will probably disappear. They certainly will when liberal Catholics and conservative Republicans unite on this issue.

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Recent events have placed this solution of educational problems in the background, and made the abrogation of the Concordat paramount. This has been made possible by the short-sighted policy of many French ecclesiastics, who have taken advantage of its privileges and evaded the greater number of its obligations. Some of the violations of this compact, like the sacrifices of the liberties of the Gallican Church, for instance, have been fundamental, while others are petty and humiliating. The recent discussions of the bulls of investitures of the French bishops is a case in point. By the terms of the Concordat, bishops are nominated by the Government, while the Pope gives a bull of investiture. It was discovered that the Vatican had inserted in the text a *nobis* which caused the bull to appear as if the nomination was to be made by the Pope. The whole moral sense of France protested against such methods of proceeding. Then came the incident of M. Loubet's visit to Rome and the virtual deposition of the Bishops of Laval and Dijon, followed by the cessation of all diplomatic relations between the Vatican and the Quay d'Orsay. The anti-Clericals found in this the golden opportunity to abrogate the Concordat. M. Combes was prompt to use the occasion, and if no unforeseen contingency affects his supporters, he will have a majority in both houses for his proposal.

This is probably the most troublesome question ever decided by the French Parliament. What increases the difficulty is the question of the edifices devoted to the service of the Church. By the Concordat they belong to the State; although, it must be remembered, they had belonged to the Church before the Revolution. The cathedrals, the churches, the chapels, the episcopal palaces, the manses, and innumerable buildings used by the clergy were not only considered State property, but have been improved and restored at the expense of the State. In addition to the use of these buildings, the clergy received emoluments now reaching the sum of forty-two millions of francs a year, not to speak of important appropriations to theological schools, to missionaries, and to kindred purposes. Several projects of reparation have been proposed, but all agree that all State privileges must cease—that the Church shall no longer be supported by skeptics, Jews, and Protestants; that it shall provide for its own life, be exclusively a religious organization, and not a State within a State. The Church will continue to enjoy the essential liberties of religious bodies—liberty of meeting, liberty of praying, of teaching religion, of giving religious instruction to the young and preparing the future clergy. It must, however, remain a great association devoted to religion and not to other pursuits.

One of the great obstacles to a satisfactory solution of the task before Parliament is the predominance of the belligerent spirit. Rightly or wrongly, Catholicism stands thoroughly discredited in the eyes of the anti-Clericals. They consider the priesthood as ever ready to carry out "the sinister designs of Rome," and as signally incapable of loyalty to the State. The adroitness of the Jesuits and of representatives of other orders has done much harm to the Church by creating mistrust. The state of mind of anti-Clericals is such that the legislation following the rupture of the Concordat is likely to be made against assumed unscrupulous lawbreakers rather than to regulate the acts of free citizens. Special measures will be taken because the Roman Catholic Church has a head absolute in his authority, who is a foreigner, and therefore not amenable to the coercitive jurisdiction of France. Notwithstanding the drastic character of the present policy, it remains true that the majority of the followers of M. Combes, and M. Combes himself, are not the iconoclasts and fanatics that their antagonists have represented. Notwithstanding their harsh methods, there are processions in Catholic villages and even in cities, crucifixes in the school-houses, nuns in the infirmaries, lycées, State schools taught by militant Catholics, and independent institutions whose teachers are secularized Jesuits. Religion has suffered much, precisely because of the signal injustice of State-Churchism,

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The movement headed by M. Combes may yet be reckoned as ultimately favorable to religion. De Tocqueville said that it was rather in appearance than in reality that the French Revolution was anti-Christian. When disestablishment has become a fact—if it does—it will be seen that it was in appearance rather than in reality that the secularizing movement in France was irreligious.

It is not easy for Americans fully to understand the situation in France, and The Outlook has endeavored to state the position dispassionately and frankly. Americans are accustomed to a Catholic Church so radically different from that in France that it is difficult for them to understand how exasperating a reactionary type of Catholicism can be. With any honest effort to separate Church from State, to put all religions on a basis of equality, to confine all religious organizations absolutely to religious functions, Americans of all schools will thoroughly sympathize; any attacks on religion, under any form or under any guise, they will as unanimously condemn. The situation in France, like all situations which deal with long-established conditions, is a mixed one; there has been a good deal to irritate on both sides. It is in one sense a misfortune that the broad intelligence and statesmanlike influence of Leo X. could not have been employed in settling this difficult matter. It is highly probable that he would have given no occasion for the present attack on the Concordat; it is quite certain that if his lead had been followed much of the present antagonism to the Clerical party would not have developed. It must be said frankly that priests of all religions are rarely good political leaders. They are not, as a rule, sufficiently in touch with the realities of political life; they do not understand thoroughly modern conditions, and, from the standpoint of laymen, they often lack frankness and fairness in their dealings. It is the belief of The Outlook that the detachment of the Roman Catholic Church from all relations with the State and the rigid confinement of its activities to the religious field would be an immense gain to the Church.

The Organ in the House

It faces you as you enter, the burnished pipes forming a background against which the life of the house moves from hour to hour; sometimes, like an incoming tide, buoyant and joyous and full of swift motion, sometimes, like the tide near its ebb, almost inaudible. If it had been lodged in a music-room, it would have been one of the various resources of the house; a delicate and guarded pleasure to be sought at particular moments, to be enjoyed in detachment from the coming and going, the rise and fall, of the energies and activities of the home. They who were under the roof would have gone to it as one goes to a picture in a secluded place, over the face of which a curtain is carefully drawn; a rare treasure to be protected from unintelligent eyes and from the dust and garish light of day. To feel its full power, to come under its most potent spell, one must detach himself not only from the obtrusive world but from the house with its manifold duties and claims, and surrender himself to a charm which, like some magic power, must be invoked before it can be felt.

The organ stands on the landing of the stair, and no one enters or departs, ascends or descends, passes from room to room with their various vocations in the completeness of the day's living, without a glimpse of ivory keys and a sweep of gilded pipes. In the first moment of entering one is aware of it, and it rises behind every farewell at the open door. It is the last object which vanishes in darkness when the lights are turned out at night, and the first which greets the eye when one comes down to the new day streaming in at the windows. Silent or flooding the house with sound, it stands at the heart of the home; the witness of all its activities, the interpreter of its hopes and dreams and faiths, the symbol of its relationship with the vast movement of the spirit of the race in its long endeavor to give voice to its secret life. For music is the universal speech, and the organ speaks in a language which is common to all.

The walls of the house inclose it not

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only for protection but for privacy; for it is only in seclusion and silence that the deepest and most spiritual relations come to perfection and bear the fruit of peace in the clamor and warfare of the world. Men have been set in families since the far beginnings of time, in order that within the shelter of walls and roofs they might bare their hearts and give themselves in the intimacy of a love guarded and kept sacred from all eyes that it might have the courage of its ultimate surrenders and its highest hopes. But the flower within the high-walled garden, safe from the ravage of ruthless and careless hands, is brother to the flower of the field and the road-side; there is for them a common soil, a common sun, and a common stir of the air.

In like manner, they who gather the sweetness of the home in those happy days that leave no history save a ripening of the nature in love and sympathy and charity for all men, share the same life which sustains the vast army of humanity in the whole range of its vicissitudes. There is no real home in which the cry of the unhappy is not heard, nor is there any true hearth beside which the sorrows of the world do not sit. This is at once the pathos of life and its richness as well; for the joy of personal happiness untouched by the sorrows of the world is a vain and heartless thing. In every home the wide world lies reflected in its manifold relations, its varied occupations, its diverse temperaments; and as the high-walled garden is but a part of the wide landscape under a sky which knows no earthly boundaries and shines alike on the rarest orchid and the commonest weed, so the fortunes of the home are bound up with the fortunes of humanity, and however ample and beautiful its form and furnishing, the life that feeds it feeds every child of man in every condition and station.

Builded to-day, the home has its roots deep in the past. Its walls record the long experience of the builders of forgotten centuries; its peace and purity rest on foundations which other generations have laid in great joy and in sore and terrible sorrow. The forms of its furnishing have been slowly and painfully shaped by hands long since at rest in the silence which waits the worker at the end of the day; the pictures on the walls open vistas under other skies, or recall the visions of other centuries, or bring within the house those faces and figures which have caught and held that beauty which once realized becomes immortal; the books on the shelves contain the precious deposit of the richest and most significant experience of all time, "the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." So in the house all skill and knowledge painfully learned in the long past, and in the home the whole range and sweep of universal life, are preserved and typified; and the privacy of the sacred place deepens the sense of universal relations and makes a clear air through which to see the farthest stars move in the heavenly order.

It is of this vaster world that the organ speaks; for there is no other voice with such potencies of sublime harmony, such range of sound for the utterance of the hopes and fears, the doubts and passions and faiths, in which men live and die. A touch on those keys, and the mystery and wonder of life enter the home and stretch its dimensions to the ends of the earth; a firm sweep of pedals and keys, and the soul of the world comes into the home, and all its relations suddenly flash into the light of their immortal significance. There slumber the soft melodies which soothe and beguile the common works and ways, and there are those thunder tones which sometimes fill the sky and make us aware of our mortality. There is no tragic fate which it cannot interpret, no sublime climbing of the baffled spirit toward the light which it cannot accompany with revealing and applauding harmony, no quiet hour or silent happiness or stirring of those depths beyond the plummet of words where love keeps faith and patiently waits her immortal destiny, which it cannot make gently or majestically audible. The spirit of the wide world, of old time, and of the ancient silence, breathes through those gilded pipes or sleeps there while all the holy ministries of the

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home are offered day by day and its common tasks fulfilled. There it stands, that they who enter and depart may take thought of the scope of the house, with the nightly splendor of stars above it and the mysterious whisper of trees about it, and that they who abide may remember how far the hearth-fire shines and how wide the door must stand toward all the world; for the organ in the house is a parable of the home in the world.

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A Veteran Actress

The field of theatrical criticism is a dangerous battleground for even those critics who are experienced and hardy. In other departments of art, in literature, music, and painting, the canons of criticism are well laid down and the standards of good taste are thoroughly established. It is possible to say what is a good essay or landscape or symphony, and what is not, with some degree of assurance. But discussion of the acted drama bristles with peculiar difficulties. The play depends to such a degree upon the power and charm of personality that the theatrical critic's task calls for the enlistment of the most discriminating impartiality and the expulsion of all dogmatism and prejudice. For it is a law of nature that personal charm is determined by individual taste and not by collective judgment.

Disclaiming all attempt to pronounce an artistic judgment, The Outlook desires to record its sense of personal charm in a current theatrical event which will long be a notable one in the history of the American stage. This event is the appearance of Mrs. G. H. Gilbert at the Lyceum Theater of New York in the title rôle of Mr. Clyde Fitch's play, "Granny."

Mrs. Gilbert has had a long and honorable career in connection with the stage of New York—a career which she has delightfully described in a series of reminiscences published not many months ago by the Messrs. Scribner. Like Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Vincent, and William Warren, Mrs. Gilbert has endeared herself to more than one generation of play-goers not only by her art but by her character. She is now eighty-three years old, and has just appeared in what is likely to be her last part upon the stage.

It is not, however, her age which entitles her to the interest and plaudits of her audiences. It is her art, her skill, and her personal charm, which her age has only ripened and beautified. Those who want a physical demonstration that spirit is superior to body, and grace of heart and mind to mere youthful beauty, can find that demonstration in Mrs. Gilbert's acting at fourscore years of age.

Some newspaper critics have been saddened by the pathos of this visible conclusion of a long and successful public life. The Outlook cannot share this feeling. To us it seems joyous and inspiring that old age and physical weakness are not able to overcome the spirit or diminish the skill or tarnish the real beauty of one who has done so much to maintain fine standards in the play-actor's, the playwright's, and the play-goer's chosen field of art.

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The Spectator

In Cornwall they have an unkind saying:

> Those who are weatherwise
> Are rarely otherwise.

Now the Spectator is himself a weather-prophet in a small way; and he does not relish being lumped with those lack-wit, weatherwise men, the huntsman, the tar, and the man-with-the-hoe. It is no uncommon thing for the Spectator's friends to call him up on the telephone to inquire whether to take or not to take an umbrella; and events have even been known to justify his meteorological deliverances. But whenever he begins to gloat over such feats as these, that sneering couplet comes to mind and sticks a burr under the saddle of his complacency. Everything depends upon interpretation, however. The Spectator lately showed that rhyme to Old Probabilities in person, and he instantly swung himself clear of its disagreeable implications. "All that means," said he, "is that he who would be a complete

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weather-prophet must put his mind to it, like you and me. With all his getting he must get wisdom in interpreting the face of the sky. Only versatile fellows like Mr. Spectator can do that and have time left for very much else."

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Mr. Spectator chose to ignore the thrust and came away satisfied that it is dilettanteism in weather-science which has brought prognostication into disrepute. The people's meteorology is a curious blending of shrewd observation and sheer superstition and stupidity. Your amateur prophet makes no distinction between honest signs that are as old as Aristotle, and frivolous modern things which can only be verified by counting the hits and skipping the misses. No wonder hard-headed folk term the whole mass of weather-lore "stuff and nonsense," and put their trust in Providence and the barometer. Yet to throw over signs altogether is rank folly. The Weather Bureau itself cannot get along without them. For all his weather maps and the telegraphic advantage he takes of "waves," the meteorologist depends not a little upon sky-signs which were in good and regular standing when Virgil was a schoolboy. Especially in predicting local weather operations he keeps a watchful eye upon the "balancings of the clouds." The Spectator sees several persons rising to inquire why, if signs are so trustworthy, the weather-prophet doesn't oftener hit right. That is because his newspaper prophecies are made at too long range. Great storms, or great hot and cold waves, can be safely announced days in advance. But the petty showers and shines which make up local weather are foretellable not days, but hours or minutes, before their arrival. Until he became his own prognosticator the Spectator was wont to 'phone over to Old Probabilities whenever he needed foreknowledge of the elements, and he found him reliability itself. Many a jaunt the Spectator has inaugurated in the face of determined-looking clouds, and never but once did it rain upon the weather-prophet's blessing. And then everybody knows that "every fair from fair *sometimes* declines." Test him by his signals or by telephone and the prophet is deserving of honor even in his own country.

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When he contemplates the folk-lore of the weather, the Spectator always thinks of the Village Dramatist and his explanation of showers: "When the atmosphere and the hemisphere come together it causes the earth to sweat, thereby producing rain!" Is not this as good science as the sayings which make My Lady Moon the goddess of the weather? Everybody, from Apache Indians to Bostonians, has a more or less open conviction that the weather changes with changes of the moon. But it seems we must hold her ladyship excused. Thus saith the meteorologist: "Sometimes the weather changes with the moon, and sometimes it doesn't; but mostly it doesn't." Dispute him and he produces documentary evidence. The Bureau has records of five thousand phases of the moon and the weather that went with them. In exactly eighteen hundred cases the weather changed; in the other thirty-two hundred it didn't. Q. E. D. The next time you are in the Catskills and it pours pitchforks and hammer-handles for forty days and forty nights, don't pin your dampened faith to the pallid lady of the night. She has nothing to do with the case.

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No more does it matter whether she turns her young horns up or down. The Spectator has acquaintance with an old Adirondack guide who holds, with the Indian, that if he can hang his powder-horn upon the crescent moon, the woods will be too dry for still-hunting. The silver bowl will hold the water up. But he knows, too, an old Gloucester skipper who insists that *down*-turned horns are a sign of dry weather, because, forsooth, in that position the moon can't hold water; ergo, there will be no water. These are pretty theories, if mutually exclusive. But old observers like the Spectator know that they are purely decorative, and quite without practical significance. Were it otherwise, we should have the same weather over the whole

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section of country from which the pose of the crescent looks the same. Now a *halo* round the moon is quite another matter. The pale, iridescent ring is made by moonshine on the ice-crystals of a film of cirrus cloud. And a cirrus-veil is too often the flying advance-fringes of a mighty toadstool of cloud, bringing tempest and a deluge. When the Spectator sees the moon swimming within a circle of pearly fire, he looks for a whole-souled meteorological demonstration within the next three days, and he is seldom disappointed.

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Much scorn has been unwisely expended upon those homely Dutchman's breeches of blue which show through the clouds in the tail of a storm. Now those are the very stuff of which fair weather is made. It is of no use to look for a breeches-pattern among *gathering* clouds, however. When the cloud toadstool, known in meteorological language as a "cyclone," is almost overpast, and from deep banks the cloud has thinned to a mere sheet, then it is that rents appear, letting through the blue. And unless, as sometimes happens, a second cyclone follows hard upon the heels of the first, the breeches will infallibly bring out the sun. As Dutchman's breeches go behind, so mare's-tails, mackerel skies, "water-feathers," and "heaven's lambs" go before a storm. They go, indeed, so far before that careless observers discredit their significance. The Spectator has come to expect a real cyclonic storm to arrive heralded in this fashion: first by a lunar halo, then by pale morning skies, later on by flying streamers of cirrus cloud, and lastly by the cloud blanket itself. Add to these a falling glass, and the Spectator will maintain a storm against all comers. Not that a barometer can do no wrong. The Spectator's got into difficulties not a month ago when two storms chased each other so closely that the glass couldn't catch itself, but went on rising after the clouds of the second storm were already in the sky.

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Mrs. Spectator has been known to remark that the Spectator's disposition was a pretty reliable barometer, and he used to take it as a rebuke. But he makes no further apologies for his pre-cyclonic doldrums. In the sultry damp that goes before a storm, foul gases rise from pestilent drains, and the ascending air draws unwholesome vapors from the soil. The very ether is poisoned. In such an air do suicides occur, and little children's thoughts grow ripe for mutiny. The beasts of the field and the fowls of the air feel the untoward influence. Flies tease the fretful cattle; birds fly low; "the off-mare is a switchin' all of her tail they is." Inanimate things share the general disturbance; doors creak, drawers stick, candles sputter, walls sweat, smoke falls, its particles laden with moisture. The Indians say, "When the locks of the Navajos grow damp in the scalp-house, surely it will rain." Is it not fitting that man should partake of the restlessness of nature? As Thoreau says, shall he not have intelligence with the earth? Is he not partly leaves and vegetable mold himself? The Spectator does not blush for his barometric sensitiveness.

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Let no one fancy, however, that the Spectator gives credence to all the weather wisdom accredited to beasts. For years he has kept tab upon musk-rats and gray squirrels to see whether they really have advance tidings of the length of winter; and always with negative results. He strongly suspects that the February past found many a squirrel devoutly praying for a thaw, that he might replenish his exhausted larder. The Spectator is assured by those who have gone into the matter more thoroughly than he has been able, that absolutely nothing can be learned about the severity of the coming winter by observation of Nature, be it corn-husks, bears, bud-scales, or any other thing.

In the publication of the sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury, which appeared in The Outlook of October 1, 1904, a note referring the reader to the chapter and page of Dean Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church," from which a quotation was made, was inadvertently omitted. The editors of The Outlook regret that in the preparation of the manuscript for the printer the reference was unintentionally stricken out.

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The Governor-Elect of Massachusetts

By R. L. Bridgman

JUST before the election, the private secretary of William L. Douglas, Democrat, who has been elected Governor of Massachusetts by more than 35,000 plurality over Governor Bates, Republican, while the Republican National ticket had a plurality of over 85,000, said of his employer that the one thing above all others which made it seem possible for Douglas to win was his repeated success in doing what appeared to be impossible. That reveals a trait in the character of the man which has brought him to his present eminence, and it illustrates the estimate put upon him by those who are nearest to him in his enterprises. It may not be out of place to mention now what was not told before the election—something to illustrate another phase of his character. After William A. Gaston declined to be the Democratic candidate for a third time, and the Democracy was hunting for a leader, and the names of Douglas and Charles S. Hamlin were most frequently mentioned, Douglas called upon Hamlin and volunteered to run for the second place upon the ticket with Hamlin in the first place, if Hamlin wished for the honor, promising to do all he could for the ticket. He was ready to subordinate his personal ambition to the success of the cause. Mr. Hamlin did not desire to run at all, but this incident produced the utmost cordiality between the two leaders and tended to unite the Democrats in the election.

Mr. Douglas's face is familiar, of course, to the people of the United States, and some political critics make it a point against him that he uses his portrait in his advertisements. It represents the man just as he looks. Complete the picture by joining a frame of medium stature, wiry and energetic, slight and active, light complexion, quietness and decision of manner and speech, and the public will have a good likeness of the successful Democratic candidate for the Governorship of Massachusetts. He is not a politician, and for the greater part of his life has abstained from politics. He has served in the Massachusetts House and Senate, and has been Mayor of his own city of Brockton. He has been identified with labor legislation, and has always been a man of high public spirit. But he has never been a politician or office-seeker in the ordinary uses of the words. He is pre-eminently a business man, has made his large fortune wholly by his unaided efforts, and it has been his business ability which has particularly commended him to the people at this time. Probably he appealed to some voters (as he displeased others) by the large posters which he had displayed all over the State as a part of his campaign, showing the different stages of his career. At the age of seven (he was left an orphan at five) he was represented as at his first work, pegging shoes. Early in his twenties he took his position as employer of other men, and set up his first factory in a modest way. His energy and business sense have made him what he is, always presupposing habits of temperance and industry. How he impresses his political associates is seen by the judgment expressed since the election, at the Democratic headquarters, on the causes of his success—first, his personality; second, the reciprocity issue; third, the labor vote.

Mr. Douglas makes a prepossessing appearance in public. Neat, trim, and energetic, with confidence in his strength and in his cause, he has appeared as a pleasant surprise as a platform speaker. He has recognized his limitations as a public orator, and has generally spoken from manuscript. But it has been prepared snugly, and he has held it in the hollow of his left hand, so that it would not hamper his delivery and would leave his right free for emphasis. He has spoken as an expert upon business matters, and he has commanded the approval of political opponents, especially in his discussion of the reciprocity issue, because he has spoken as a business

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master who has known in detail the evils which he was attacking and has been able to put the emphasis in the right place. His appearance in public during the campaign has given assurance that he will sustain the credit of the State on public occasions, though he has not enjoyed the social advantages nor had the collegiate training which have contributed to the popularity, grace, and charm of some Massachusetts Governors upon the platform. He has personal dignity and ease in command of himself in public, while his intellectual ability to meet the best of the State may be judged by his business standing. He will not quote Latin with President Eliot, nor exchange mathematical views with President Pritchett, and may never become an LL.D. by favor of Harvard University, but he gives strong promise that he will satisfy the demands of the high office for a gentleman of grace, personal refinement, and acceptable presence.

As a leader of the laboring classes, he has won his present position by his experience with thousands of employees. When in the Legislature he was a worker on the side of the laboring people and was a means of passing legislation in their favor. Yet there does not seem to have been anything novel or sensational in his relations with his employees. He has treated them as friends and has won their complete good will, and there was perfect sincerity in the great ovation which was given him by his employees after his election. Among the transparencies which were borne in the procession at the great demonstration in Brockton the Wednesday evening following the election was one with the words: "No Strikes; No Lockouts; Good Wages; Steady Work." That illustrates the sentiment of his employees and fellow-citizens toward him in the great shoe city. He is a man so moderate and conservative that it is already predicted of him that the effect of office will be to make him feel still more the need of deliberation, and that, though he will always be identified with the labor element, yet it is not probable that any rash steps will be taken.

In fairness to the defeated candidate, it ought to be said that though the success of Mr. Douglas was as much due to an anti-Bates sentiment as to a positive preference for Mr. Douglas, yet no one doubts that the causes of Bates's offense were conscientious and for the good of the public, not only in his own opinion, but in the opinion of a great many others, and already there are predictions that there will be a reaction from the severe judgment against the Governor, and that he will yet be rewarded as a man who suffered for his fidelity to the public good.

Regarding Mr. Douglas's ability to fill the Governorship, as far as relates to the vast aggregate of State business, boards, commissions, charitable and penal institutions, and the immense round which makes the total, there is no doubt that he is thoroughly capable. Massachusetts will not suffer at his hands.

Politically, Mr. Douglas proposes to bring reciprocity, in competing products, too, to the front as an issue, and, as the Foss Republicans insist that President Roosevelt stands on the same ground, it is interesting to see what the future will disclose. Mr. Douglas as Governor may be of great National importance from this point of view, and his personal business ability and long experience (he is fifty-nine years of age) are very likely to make his elevation to his high office a factor in National politics and in our business relations with Canada.

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American Traditions and American Ideals[1]

I.—Religious Ideals

By Lyman Abbott

A TRADITION is a doctrine or a custom handed down from generation to generation and having almost the effect of law; an ideal is a standard of perfection and so an ultimate object of desire. We ought not to be bound by our traditions; we ought not to depart from our ideals. The Church of Christ has the same right to think in the twentieth century that it possessed in the seventeenth, in the fourth, in the first. It ought not to be bound by the theological dogmas or the ecclesiastical customs of the past. But its ideal is the teaching, the example, the spirit, of Jesus Christ, and from that ideal it ought never to depart; and if it recasts its theological dogmas and reforms its ecclesiastical customs, this it should do only the more perfectly to express its ideal and more efficiently to promote the acceptance of that ideal by mankind.

As little should the State be bound by its traditions. We are not bound by the Declaration of Independence, still less by specific phrases in that remarkable document; we are to ascertain what is that ideal of democracy of which the Declaration was an expression in 1776, and are to express that ideal in our own way, adapted to our own time in 1904. We are not bound by the Monroe Doctrine; we are to ascertain what is the American ideal for the treatment of weaker communities in our vicinity, and are to realize that ideal in our own time by the methods best adapted to our own circumstances.

No doubt we may adopt a new ideal—that is, a new standard of perfection and a new object of ultimate desire. Thus a Christian church may become a Mohammedan mosque; but in so doing it ceases to be a Christian church. So we may substitute a new ideal for our fathers' ideal of democracy. We may take our ideals from Tolstoy or Prince Kropotkin and abolish all government, or from Karl Marx and abolish all individual initiative and all competition. But if so, we ought to realize that we are not reforming but revolutionizing the Nation, that our ideal is no longer democracy, but in the one case Anarchism, in the other Socialism. For reform is the adoption of new methods in order the better to realize former ideals; a change in the ideal itself is revolution.

What in its essence is the American ideal; what the basic foundation of American democracy? To answer this question we must go back historically to the beginnings of the Nation. For it is in these beginnings that the Nation receives those elements which shape its destiny and largely determine its character. Turkey is a Mohammedan country, although large sections and possibly a majority of its people are Christians; for the Mohammedan conceptions still constitute the standard of the community and the ultimate object of desire for the nation. So England is an Anglo-Saxon nation, despite the Norman conquest, because the Anglo-Saxon ideals are still preserved in the heart of its people. Similarly America is a Protestant Nation, notwithstanding the great numbers of immigrants, some of them holding the Roman Catholic faith, some holding no faith at all. For the Protestant conception of the relation of the individual soul to God, and therefore of each individual to every other individual, produced the democratic ideals of the founders of the Republic.

Protestantism broke with Romanism because Romanism insisted on the authority of tradition—that is, of doc-

[1] This is the substance of an address delivered on Washington's Birthday, February 22, 1904, at a joint meeting of the Unitarian and Orthodox Congregational Clubs of Boston, Massachusetts, and on April 18 of the same year before the Unitarian Club of San Francisco. In both cases the address was delivered extemporaneously, and the present paper, rewritten from notes partly preparatory to the address, partly taken down by a shorthand reporter, reproduces the two addresses only approximately.

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trines and customs handed down from generation to generation; and Protestantism denied that authority, and affirmed that the final authority is the voice of God speaking in the conscience and the reason of the individual. Luther contended that "every faithful believer in Christ was superior to the Pope, if he could show better proofs and grounds of his belief." When, later, Protestants, terrified by the excesses of individualism, drew back from so radical a doctrine, and endeavored to substitute, first, the Bible, and, second, creeds founded on the Bible, as an external authority in the place of the Pope, the Puritans and the Pilgrims of England, and the Huguenots who were the Puritans and Pilgrims of the Continent, broke with ecclesiastical Protestantism. The Puritans in England, the Dutch in New York, the Quakers in Pennsylvania, the Huguenots in the Carolinas, brought with them this faith in the immediate presence of God with each individual, and therefore the substantial equality of all individuals before God. They believed that God is a living God, a perpetual Immanuel—God with us—inspiring his children, giving to his people divinely equipped teachers and leaders, and through them shaping human history and building up a kingdom of God on the earth.

Out of this grew their opposition to creeds and rituals. It was not to the specific creed or the specific ritual they objected; their objection was to any tradition or custom having the authority of law and forbidding the direct and immediate approach of the individual soul to God. On this was founded their reverence for the Bible, which they regarded, not as a substitute for the word of God speaking in the soul of man, but as an illustration and representation of that living God in the history of a great nation and in the experience of its most devout souls. They believed in the immediacy of God in his intercourse with man; they believed in a speaking God and in a listening soul of man. "I desire you," writes Oliver Cromwell to his daughter, "to make it above all things your business to seek the Lord: to be frequently calling upon him, that he would manifest himself to you in his Son; and be listening what returns he makes to you—for he will be speaking in your ear and in your heart, if you attend thereunto."[1]

The Puritans were essentially mystics. They believed in transcendental philosophy before transcendentalism. Ralph Waldo Emerson is as truly a son of the Puritans as Lyman Beecher. That this statement may not rest upon my unproved assertion, I quote in support of it the words of two interpreters of the Puritans, neither of whom can be suspected of theological prejudice in their interpretations. The first is Edward Dowden; this distinguished English man of letters says:

> To discover the dominant idea of Puritanism we must look beyond dogma to something common to every phase of the great contention. And undoubtedly the unvarying central element was this—Puritanism maintained, as far as was possible, that the relation between the invisible spirit of man and the invisible God was immediate rather than mediate. It set little store by tradition, because God had spoken to men directly in the words of revelation. It distrusted human ceremonies because these stood between the creature and his creator. The glory of the Christian temple is the holiness of the living temple which rises in the heart of the child of God. The pretensions of an ecclesiastical hierarchy are an estrangement of the adopted son of the Father; every lay Christian is himself a royal priest. The Calvinistic doctrines on which Matthew Arnold laid extreme and exclusive stress were maintained because they were held to be Scriptural, and also because they seemed to bring the divine agency immediately into every part of human life.

The other authority is one of the greatest living English statesmen, Lord Rosebery. He says:

> He [Oliver Cromwell] was a practical mystic, the most formidable and terrible of all combinations; the man who combined with force and energy the inspiration, apparently derived, and in my judgment really derived, from close communion with the supernatural and the celestial. The man who has that inspiration, associated with the energy of a mighty man of action—such a man as that lives in communion with a Sinai of his own, and he appears to come down to this world below armed with no less than the terror and the decrees of the Almighty himself.

Setting up for the first time in English history the statue of Cromwell in

[1] Oliver Cromwell, Letters and Speeches, with Elucidations by Thomas Carlyle, Vol. II., p. 43.

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London, that is the interpretation which the great Liberal leader of England gives to Cromwell—an active, living, practical mystic; a man who believed himself, and whom Lord Rosebery believes, lived in constant and personal communion with the Infinite and the Eternal and derived his power from him.

To these modern interpreters of Puritanism let me add the words of the foremost of all the Puritans—Cromwell—in interpretation of himself. The battle of Dunbar has just been fought. He writes a bulletin on the battlefield to report to the Speaker of Parliament the result of this battle and his interpretation of it, and thus he writes:

> Thus you have the prospect of one of the most signal mercies God hath done for England and his people, this war; and now may it please you to give me the leave of a few words. It is easy to say, The Lord hath done this. It would do you good to see and hear our poor foot to go up and down making their boast of God. But, sir, it is in your hands, and by these eminent mercies God puts more into your hands, to give glory to him; to improve your power and his blessing, to his praise. We that serve you beg of you not to own us, but God alone. We pray you own his people more and more, for they are the chariots and horsemen of Israel. Disown yourselves, but own your Authority, and improve it to crush the proud and the insolent, such as would disturb the tranquillity of England, though under what specious pretense so ever. Relieve the oppressed, hear the groans of poor prisoners in England. Be pleased to reform the abuses of all professions; and if [not a bad counsel for Americans to listen to]—if there be any one that makes many poor to make a few rich, that suits not a Commonwealth.

This is the ideal of the Puritans—God dwelling in the hearts of men, God dwelling in his present church, God dwelling in public affairs, and shaping them to accomplish his ends.

This belief in a present God does not mean disbelief in the God of our fathers; this belief that he speaks now does not mean that he never spoke before, nor does this belief that we can hear him mean that the Fathers could not hear him. Puritanism does not mean repudiation of all authority in the Church, or in the State, or in the Bible, or even in the historic creeds. But it does mean repudiation always and everywhere, come how it may, with what authority it will, in what words it may choose, of the pretension of a church, or a hierarchy, or an assembly, or a council—Papal, or Episcopal, or Congregational, ancient or modern—which puts the voice of man in the place of the voice of God, who speaks in the heart of his children to-day. It does not mean, as some seem to think, discarding the Bible; it does not mean sealing it up and putting it away as a no longer useful book; it does not mean ignoring it and refusing it reverence. But it does mean that the Bible is to conduct us to God, not to stand in the place of God; that the Bible is not the Word of God—which it never calls itself—but one of the words of God, others of which he is speaking now, as he has spoken them throughout all the ages. The old pagans put an image of God in the center of their church; Judaism took the image down and put the Bible in its place. To-day God's providence is taking the Bible out, as it took the old idol out, and is saying to us, You must go back of the image to the living faith, back of the Book to the experiences which the Book interprets. You must learn through the voice of Moses and David and Isaiah and Paul to come yourselves into the same presence of God into which they came, and listen to the same voice of God which they heard, and because of which they spoke.

Requital

By Margaret May

The purest thing I know in all earth's holding
Is mother-love, her precious child enfolding;
Yet when the mother's footstep feeble groweth,
As sweet the child-love then which round her floweth.

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Jared Soders' Wife

By Agnes McClelland Daulton

ARAMINTA SODERS was cleaning house. Upon the first day of April she had put on her oldest skirt, a faded waist, a checked gingham apron, and tied her slat sun-bonnet firmly over her second-best "front," and, for all Philamaclique knew to the contrary, she had never once removed them, although it was now the twelfth of the month.

It is not to be supposed she wore the front for the sake of appearance, for if there was anything Araminta scorned more than another it was what she called "puttin' on," but the truth was that April had come in with such intense cold that she had been forced to the front for protection.

There was not another housekeeper in the limits of the old town that had even dreamed of beginning the semi-annual tear-up in the midst of a heavy snow-storm; but Araminta, upon that Monday, as she looked out of her kitchen window at four in the morning and dimly saw the little peach-tree in the side yard bending under its burden of freshly fallen snow, and watched the tantalizing flakes softly drift upon the window-sill, set her teeth hard, and, opening the stair door, called sharply:

"Jared Soders, if you know what's healthy for you, you'll be gittin' down here to put over the boiler, for I'm goin' to clean the garret to-day, weather or no weather, and I ain't in no condition, with this misery in my back, to be drawin' water from the cistern;" and with that she slammed the door and began her preparations for breakfast.

Jared knew better than to protest. Having learned by bitter experience what was "healthy" for him where Araminta was concerned, he lost no time in getting himself dressed and downstairs. He was a mild little man with pale, shad-like eyes of blue, and a hoop of sorrel-colored whiskers under his chin that gave him a faint resemblance to a billy-goat, the resemblance being heightened by a horn-like wisp of sorrel hair that reared itself on either side of his head. Obediently he trotted back and forth through the snow from cistern to boiler, splashing the water from the cedar pail over his feet and thin legs, but doing the work with a sort of simple dignity that added its charm to the small, bent figure.

Araminta had gone on grimly getting breakfast, only pausing now and then to make a dash upstairs or into the front of the house, upon an errand. Her set jaw and her black eyes flashing under scowling brows looked savage in the shadow of the slat bonnet.

"There, I reckon you're satisfied," she snapped, when Jared had filled the boiler to the second ring. "You've got yourself soaked to the knees. I suppose you're on the lookout for a sick spell, seein' as I ain't got anything to do but wait on you. Here's your striped pants, an' your wool socks, an' your Sunday ar'tics all warmed. Now you mosey out of them wet duds the quickest you ever did in your life, an' dry yourself on this hot towel. Don't set there moonin'! The coffee-pot's boilin' an' these buck-wheats ain't goin' to wait."

So, scolding him one moment and tenderly caring for him the next, she marshaled him through his dressing and to the breakfast-table, where the coffee was like amber, the buckwheat cakes flaky brown, and the bacon morsels of delicate crispness.

All day long, in spite of the cold and the misery in her back, Araminta toiled up in the garret. The next day and the next she cleaned in the upstairs chambers, in the closets, in the hall, pulling out to beat and air and then put back; scrubbing and scouring a house already so spotless that one wondered at her evident satisfaction when no effect visible to the naked eye resulted from her labor.

"I ain't one," she often said scornfully to Jared, "that has to see dirt before I know it's there."

This was a rap at Jared's mother,

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who had once remarked comfortably in Araminta's hearing:

"Now, far's I'm concerned, I don't take no pleasure in a sweepin' that gits a stingy spoonful of dirt; I want two heapin' dust-pans full an' a dust-rag black as Clootie, so I'll know I've 'complished something."

And poor Jared, thinking of his thin, sharp wife's rule and his fat, mild mother's misrule, sighed, hardly knowing which was worst.

Beyond filling the boiler each morning and beating the flowered carpets and the braided rugs, Jared had little to do with the domestic cataclysm, and sat cross-legged upon his table in his tailor shop, which occupied the west wing of the house, and stitched away merrily enough; for it is hard for a man to be utterly wretched when he knows there are vistas of deliciously cooked meals stretching out before him, that his linen is of the whitest, his hosiery carefully mended, and his home most beautifully kept.

He was a contented, faithful soul, and in the solitude of his shop whistled happily. In this low, white-plastered house he had been born, as a child he ran and played in the big yard under the locust-trees, and here, in his boyhood, in this very room, he had learned his trade of his father, and he loved every inch of the old place.

It had always been a pain to Jared that his mother was known as the second worst housekeeper in Philamaclique, and when she died and left him alone, a man of forty, it was perhaps his longing to see the old place clean and tidy as much as his love that induced him to marry Araminta Hyde.

There had been times since, being human, when he had almost wished he had never noticed her copper wash-basin put out under the pump spout, for it was that basin that had been his undoing.

He was passing the Widow Hyde's house one hot August morning when something flashed into his eyes with such brilliancy as almost to blind him. It was the copper basin with the morning sun glinting against its polished surface.

"By gum!" thought Jared, as he plodded on to his cheerless and empty house, "a woman that can keep a wash dish lookin' like that ought to be able to make a man mighty comfortable." And that was the beginning of the end.

April in her second week, without a "by your leave," had suddenly flaunted herself from winter into summer. To hear the robin's "cheery, cheery," from the back fence, and see the swelling pink buds of the little peach-tree, made it difficult to believe that only twelve days had passed in the interim.

Araminta, worn but triumphant, was in unusually good spirits that morning, for, as she remarked to Jared as they sat at breakfast, "Fool's day hadn't caught her napping, and she was just a week ahead of the neighbors."

"I'll set the cellar to rights to-day and wash the bedclothes to-morrow, an' here Mis' Wood told me yesterday over the back fence that she ain't got through her closets yet. She said something about Brother Simpson's sermon as if she was surprised that I wasn't there last Sunday, but, says I, 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' saith the prophet, an' I guess the Lord knows I was too dead sick with the misery in my back after cleaning all week to think of meetin'. I tell you, Jared Soders, it ain't every man that's got the wife you have, if I do say it as oughtn't to."

Jared made no reply, but, breathing hard, forced himself into his overcoat and set off for the post-office. Just why every man in Philamaclique went once a day to the post-office it is doubtful if any one could explain, save perhaps that "hope springs eternal in the human breast," for surely Jared's astonishment that morning was pitiful when the post-master, in answer to his daily question, handed him a letter.

The address was perfectly plain, there was no mistaking it—"Mrs. Jared Soders, Philamaclique, Ohio," in a straggling feminine hand, the Mrs. beginning far up in the left-hand corner, while the Ohio was only able to hang on to the extreme right by the most extraordinary flourish. The postmark was blurred past recognition, and Jared, although he held the letter now near, now far, weighed it in either hand, felt carefully along the

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edges, and even tried to peer into a carelessly glued corner, was forced to give it up. Who and where it was from he had not the slightest idea, and yet, as he put the letter in the crown of his hat for safe-keeping—as he had seen Lawyer Neely do—he had such a strange presentiment of evil that he took the farthest way home.

As he went around the house he heard Araminta singing her favorite hymn,

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound,"

and his courage arose, for Araminta must be in a most cheerful mood to lift her voice in song over her work.

"Araminty," he called down the cellar-way. "Araminty, I got a letter for you; better come up and read it."

"Huh?" inquired Araminta, looking up at him blankly from the bottom of the cellar stairs.

"I've got a letter for you, but I ain't been able yet to make out who it's by, or where it's from."

"Well, I'll swan!" exclaimed Araminta, coming slowly up the steps wiping her sudsy hands on her apron. "I never got but one in all my born days, and that turned out to be for Amandy Hyde. Are you sure this ain't for her? She was mighty mad 'cause I broke the seal, an' said she'd had the law on me if I hadn't been her cousin by marriage."

She carefully untied the slat bonnet and hung it behind the pantry door, smoothed the second-best "front" with both damp hands before the little mirror over the sink, and then brought a clean checked apron and tied it neatly around her waist, as if the letter had been a guest.

"I guess you better git me your mother's specks from the corner cupboard, Jared," she said, when she had settled herself in the wooden rocker. "I always thought it was a dreadful strain on the eyesight to read writin'."

"One of the lights is out of 'em," said Jared, as he climbed on a kitchen chair to get the brass-bound spectacles that his mother always called her "Sunday specks." "Maw knocked it out about a week before she was took, when she was ketchin' the old gray hen that would scratch over in Mis' Woods's garden, an' I ain't never had the heart to have it put back in."

"It will be a savin' of one eye, anyhow," said Araminta as she wiped the glass with the corner of her apron and adjusted the frames carefully upon her nose. "Now hand me the big shears an' we'll see what it is. It's real pretty writin', now, ain't it? I always did admire them kind of pot-hook-hangers that's tied on to that o. Now jest look at that, Jared!" she exclaimed as she spread the sheet out upon her knees. "Is your hands clean? Well, then, draw up your chair beside me, an' jest look at this little bluebird perched on this sprig. I guess that'll make Mis' Wood open her eyes. 'Greenfield, Hancock County, Indiana,'" she spelled out slowly. "'My dear Araminty, I take my pen in hand to let you know we are all well and hope you are the same. I heard from Mis' Miller, her that was Tenie Tinkler, that you had married Jared Soders, an' done real well by yourself. I disremember if ever I saw him, but Jake an' Alfie say he was a mealy, corn-cobby little man that lived out Beaver Dam way, but real mild spoke an' well-to-do. Well, me an' Jake got to talkin' about you last night, an' wonderin' if you wouldn't want to buy Alfie's farm right next to us. He's got it in his head to move to town an' go in the lightnin'-rod business. He's got sixty acres and a four-room house. I was jest tellin' Tillie yesterday—that's Alfie's wife, you know—you'd make it that shinin' clean in a week it would look like a little palace—Tillie, bein' a Hardsock, ain't no housekeeper, an' you always beat the world. Alfie bein' so anxious would sell real cheap, say $2,000, an' here you'd be right next to me, your own third cousin. We've got a United Brethren church in Greenfield; we live seven miles out. Jake would teach your man all about farmin' an' we'll sell you our black cow an' old Nelly our gray mare, she's stove up some, but gits along right smart if you're patient. So you better put your house up for sale an' come right along. You could stop with us till you git settled, the board won't be anything to mention,

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and you can help me with my house cleanin'. I ain't in any hurry this year, an' Soders can mend up some of Jake's and Alfie's clothes. The society here is jest fine. I spoke to Mis' White, the storekeeper's wife, she's got a cabinet organ an' a plush sack, an' she said she'd jest admire to meet you; Mis' Tick, the music teacher, asked so kindly if you had any children, an' Dr. Fellers was dreadful interested in that misery you used to complain about in your back, I was tellin' him the other day when he was a-seein' Tillie—she's got the ague, that's one reason Alfie is so anxious to move to town, he thinks the change will do her good—them Hardsocks is a sickly lot, but I guess a deal of it is plumb laziness. My hand is gittin' so cramped with holdin' the pen I'll have to stop. If you want to pay something down to hold the place, you better write by return mail. Expectin' to see you soon I'm your cousin, Zerelda Oblinger.'"

The kitchen clock ticked loudly as Araminta stared into space and rocked slowly back and forth. Jared, peacefully content and half asleep, with his chair tilted back against the wall, sat twirling his thumbs.

"But to think," broke out Araminta at last, "that I was jest pattin' myself on the back for gittin' my house-cleanin' done, an' now it'll all go for naught."

"Huh?" asked Jared, sleepily, half opening his eyes.

"Why, I was jest sayin' I'd done all my house-cleanin' for nothin'," she said, getting up to put on the tea-kettle. "Now somebody else will get the good of it. Why, my fingers jest itch to git at that house of Tillie Oblinger's. Don't I know them Hardsocks—as shiftless a lot as ever drawed breath. Zereldy was as mad as a wet hen when Alfie married Tillie—he bein' their only boy they set a lot of store by him. Them Hardsocks is common as dog-nose, and Zereldy, her paw bein' a deputy sheriff, held her head awful high. I suppose we'll have to have a sale. 'Twouldn't hardly pay to take out all this old truck of your mother's. We might take the parlor table, an' the clock, an' the chest of drawers with the glass knobs."

"Huh?" asked Jared again, incredulously, coming down on the front legs of his chair with a sudden crash.

"Why now, Jared, you wouldn't want to take the dough-tray, and the old cord beds, an'—"

"Araminty, are you out of your head? For what you're talkin' about, blamed if I know!"

"Now, Jared," said Araminta, sternly, "remember how many times you've took up the collection for Brother Simpson, an' don't you be a-swearin'. But, law me! we ain't got no time to stand here jaw-smithin'. You run up an' git on your Sunday clothes, while I git us a bite. You'll want to see Lawyer Neely this very afternoon about puttin' up the house for sale, an' Rumsey about auctioneerin' off our stuff, an' then you go an' have 'em put in the 'Advocate.'"

"Araminty, are you plumb crazy?" suddenly asked Jared, a strange, fierce light that his wife had never seen appearing in his shad-blue eyes. "What's this about the house for sale, an' Rumsey auctionin' off my mother's dough-tray? I may be a dumb-thump, but plague take me if I know what you're drivin' at!"

"Cat's foot!" exclaimed Araminta. "You only say that to pester me. But if you must know—why, I mean we're goin' out to Hancock County, Indiana, to live next to Cousin Zereldy. I'm sick to death of Philamaclique. I might stay here till Doom's Day, an' what would I see of company? I've jest worked myself to death keepin' this house for you, an' I ain't had no thanks for it, an' now I'm done! I ain't got no folks here, an' I have there. Besides, I'd like travelin', and we're goin'! So you jest hush up an' go 'long about your business."

Jared stood as if stunned, his face pale, his jaw set, and a sudden manliness in his bearing that rather daunted his wife for the moment.

"I've jest got one thing to say," he said at last, slowly turning toward the door of his shop; "an' that is, that we're goin' to stay right where we're at. I don't know no more about farmin' than a cat does about churnin'; an' if you think I'm such a fool as to let old

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Jake Oblinger, as big a rascal as ever stepped—I ain't forgot he left Philamaclique between two days, if you have—rope me into buyin' a swamp his boy wants to git rid of, you don't know Jared Soders. I may be little, an' mealy, an' corn-cobby, but I've got a mind of my own, an' I'll live an' die in this old house, an' you might as well make up your mind to it."

With that he went into his shop and shut the door, leaving Araminta with her mouth open waiting to say the last word, but the door closed and the key turned in the lock for the first time in their married life.

But who ever knew a woman driven into silence? For weeks the battle raged, a silent one on Jared's part, but she might as well have attacked Gibraltar. Jared had taken his stand. Then Araminta peaked and pined, the "misery in her back" distressing her more and more as her discontent ate its way into her spirit.

All one May day she worked in the big, cool bedroom off the kitchen putting down a new rag carpet she had had woven that spring, setting up the best four-poster bed she brought from the spare room, and tying back the worked muslin curtains that they might not disturb the little Jerusalem cherry-tree that stood on the sill.

"Gittin' company?" asked Jared as he came in to supper, happy in seeing her begin to take pleasure again in her home, and believing it a sign she had given up her idea of moving.

"I'm feelin' awful bad, Jared," said Araminta, turning toward him her wan face as she stood scraping the radishes at the sink. "I thought it would be easier for you to take care of me in there if I got down."

"Good Lord, honey! I hope it ain't that bad." Jared's tender heart was wrung at the sight of her evident misery. "Let's git in old Doctor Burt to see what's the matter. Ain't I been beggin' you ever since we got married to let me git a girl for you? There's Sary Polk out Old Town or Caroline Lane from Rockford; either of 'em would come in a minute."

"I ain't a-goin' to have no slop of a girl in my clean house. Dr. Burt would only come an' give me a blue pill an' put on a mustard plaster, an' that 'd be the end of it. I'm pinin' for a change, Jared; that's what's the matter of me."

Jared's face hardened.

"Araminty," he said, sternly, "I can't help bein' surprised that a woman with as good sense as you've got can't see farther than your nose. I've got a good trade here, an' I've got this house an' a little money in the bank, an' here we can live an' be comfortable in our old age. We know everybody in Philamaclique, an' everybody knows us; our church is here, an' all our friends, an' we've got every reason to stay here an' none to go. Now, I've heard enough of this nonsense. If you're sick, I'll do whatever on earth I can do for you; but to go to Indiana I won't, an' that's the word with the bark on."

"I always heard paw say, 'Sot as a Soders,'" replied Araminta, bitterly, "but I never knowed what it meant till now. Remember, Jared Soders, 'Chickens come home to roost,' saith the prophet," and without another word she fell fainting to the floor.

For two weeks Araminta's life hung trembling in the balance. She never knew that Caroline Lane was duly installed in her clean kitchen, or that old Dr. Burt's black horse stood at the hitching-post twice a day; nor did she know how Jared, loving but unrepentant, nursed her tenderly night and day.

"A low, nervous fever brought on by overwork and worry." The doctor was standing outside the gate carefully fitting on his black kid gloves while Jared looked at him eagerly over the palings. "She's out of the woods now, Jared. All she needs is good nourishing food and the best care you can give—I never saw a better nurse in my life than you are, Jared. Don't cross her more than you can help, but when your good sense says it's time to stop, put your foot down and keep it down. I won't need to call again unless there is a change. She'll be up in a week, and you can step into the office if she seems to need anything."

But at the end of the week Araminta

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was still in bed. The next Sunday, as Jared was putting some wild roses in a tumbler, she asked him suddenly:

"Ain't Caroline's week up this afternoon?"

"Why, yes, honey," replied Jared, coming over to lay a pink blossom on the pillow. "I paid her this mornin'. She's goin' out home this afternoon, and her brother John will bring her back to-night."

"You go out an' tell her," said Araminta, a red spot glowing on either cheek, "that she needn't came back; I don't want her any longer."

"Now, Araminty, you ain't goin' to be able to work for some time, an', besides, there ain't no reason why you ever should. I make plenty to keep you a girl."

"Do as I tell you, or I'll git out of this bed an' do it myself. I looked out in the kitchen this mornin' while you was to meetin'; and if you think I'm goin' to have my white floor greased up an' my stove lookin' like that, you're mistaken."

"I don't want to cross you, honey—"

"Look here, Jared Soders, I've give up to you because I can't help myself; now you give up to me. You can do the work till I'm up." And in the end she had her way.

But Araminta didn't get up. Week after week she lay among her pillows, taking little interest in anything save her home. She made Jared push the bed near the door so she could see into the kitchen, and from there she issued her orders.

At first Philamaclique laughed to know that Jared Soders scrubbed the kitchen floor, and hung out the Monday's wash before dawn; then it grew indignant, and at last it grew indifferent to Jared and his fate.

One year, two, three, dragged drearily along in the old house, and still Araminta lay in the big bedroom off the kitchen, and her husband did her work and his own as best he could.

Philamaclique was in all the glory of spring. The locust-trees were hung with pendent bunches of white blossoms, and every yard had its sweetbrier, its lilac-bush, or its crab-apple tree, and their censers of pink and violet and white were flinging to the breeze odors in honor of May.

The sun was in the west, and early supper was just over. Granny Simmers, down on her knees by the lilies-of-the-valley that grew in a thick mat near the gate, was gathering the perfumed sprays with childish delight as Jared Soders came by.

"Why, howdy-do, Jared," called Granny, smiling up at him through the palings. "Ain't this a month to thank the Lord for? My me! jest take a sniff! Seems as if the very air knows it's May."

Jared, feeling the exaltation of her joy, stopped and leaned over the gate.

"It's a powerful pretty evenin'. I was jest wishin' my poor Araminty could get a whiff. I opened the window wide to day, but it ain't like bein' out in it."

Granny stiffly arose with her hand full of the delicate flowers and green leaves.

"Here, Jared," she said, "give these to Araminty with my love. I ought to have gone to see her long ago, but you folks goin' to another church an' my not seein' you, an' it bein' so far out Beaver Dam, I ain't never got there. How is she, Jared, an' what do you think ails her?"

As Jared looked down in her mild old face there came a lump in his throat—people had at last gotten tired asking after Araminta, few flowers came her way except those he kept in the tumbler at her bedside, and he had little time to attend to the delicate touches that make an invalid's life bearable.

"She'll be mighty glad of these," said Jared, clumsily taking the lilies. "I wish you would come to see her. I don't know what ails her. She jest seemed to lose interest after her hard sick spell. Dr. Burt says she needs rousin', but I don't know how to do it."

"You've been dreadful patient, Jared," and Granny laid her wrinkled hand on his. "I knowed your mother when she was the merriest girl in the whole country, an' I knowed your good father when he was learnin' his trade with old Ben Martin down in Trenton, an' I knowed you as a little freckled-faced boy, Jared Soders, an' I want to tell you I'm proud

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of you—an' so's your folks up in heaven."

Jared's eyes filled with tears.

"I don't know, Granny. I'm afraid sometimes that once I was mighty hard, but God knows I didn't know what else to do," and before he knew it he was pouring out the whole story.

"There, Dr. Burt, you jest let me out there, if you please," Granny chirruped the next afternoon as she rode up the Beaver Dam road with the good old doctor. "Yes, at Jared Soders', that's where I mean. Law, I ain't been here since Peggy Soders died, an' it's a shame."

"I wish you could help Mrs. Soders, Granny," said the doctor as he drove up to the gate. "What she needs is first to be aroused, and then she must have exercise. She will never be a strong woman, but there will be no change until she makes an effort. She'll never get any better lying there. Jared hasn't the spirit left in him to rouse her. Now good-by; I'll stop for you on my way back."

"Why, Araminty, how glad I am to see you!" said Granny, bustling into the pleasant, sunny bedroom. "My me! how clean an' bright everything is! Now run along, Jared, to your tailorin'; Araminty an' me's got lots of talkin' to do, an' we don't want no man 'round botherin'. Jest give me my basket, Jared, for I've got a little floatin' island there that won't keep, an' I want Araminty to have it while it's fresh; an' here's a glass of tomato preserves that's jest prime, an' a bunch of bleedin'-hearts from the clump little Mary planted with her own hands." So through the afternoon she trotted about making Araminta comfortable, talking, laughing, as if no topic lay near her heart.

"Jared has been an awful good man to you, Araminty," she said once.

"No better than he ought to be," replied Araminta, her lips tightening.

"My me! that's the way I used to think about my John before I laid him away; an' now I wish I'd done a thousand things for him I never done. When we left him in the old cemetery I knowed I'd never been half good enough to him. It's strange how different things look when you see 'em across a grave. I know that all our differences—for John an' me, like all married humans, had our tiffs—was jest like ugly black clouds over the sun; they don't hurt the sun any more than the fussin' hurt our love, but, oh! it blurred things an' made 'em dark an' gloomy. Sometimes it was my fault and sometimes it was his, but if I could have him back ag'in I wouldn't mind nothin' but his goodness an' his faith an' love. I jest wish, Araminty, you'd let Jared take you out on the porch in the big rocker; there's a dreadful pretty view over Philamaclique."

"I don't ever expect to set on that porch ag'in," said Araminta, hopelessly. "I ain't expectin' anything. 'Blessed is him that expects nothin', for then he won't be disappointed,' saith the prophet, an' that's the text I'm livin' by."

"I don't think much of it, Araminty, as a text, an' I can't place it. Us Methodists an' you Brethrens use the same Bible, but I ain't never heard a preachin' on that text yet, though I must say I've knowed a-plenty of folks that seem livin' by it. What prophet saith it?"

"I forgit now if it was Zacchæus or Zebedee," said Araminta, folding over a corner of the sheet.

"Araminty, somebody's been foolin' you," cried Granny, eagerly. "They warn't either of them men prophets. I don't know nothin' about Zacchæus except he clumb a tree his Lord to see, an' Zebedee, he was the father of a James an' a John, but as for doin' texts, they didn't. I don't believe it's in the good Book at all. It don't sound a bit like the Lord. Jest you give it up, child. Take 'Come unto Me, all ye that labor an' are heavy laden,' or 'Let not your heart be troubled.' My me! how many a time I've had to put myself to sleep with 'The Lord is my Shepherd' when everything seemed so black, an' he did lead me by still waters, he did, dear child, he did! I was a lonely old woman, but his rod an' his staff did comfort me. Jest you ask him, Araminty, dear, jest you ask him!"

Long after Granny had gone, Araminta lay so quiet among her pillows that Jared thought she was asleep. The teakettle was sending up its thin banner of

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steam, and he had just brought her tray from the pantry shelf, when he heard her calling "Jared, Jared," in an eager voice that sent him hurrying to her.

"Yes, honey, yes, I'm comin'."

"Oh, Jared," she said, propping herself upon her elbow and looking at him anxiously, "I want you to do something for me so dreadful bad."

"Jest whatever you want, Araminty, if I can do it."

"Then put the old rocker out on the side porch, Jared, an' put a comfort in it, an' take me out there, an' let's have tea together. We can have it on your mother's little table, an' let's have the blue dishes. Won't you, Jared?"

"Honey, honey!" cried Jared, kneeling down by the bed and putting his arms about her, "you don't mean you'll forgive me, an' are goin' to git well? Oh, Araminty, you don't mean that?"

"'It's more blessed to give in than to hang on,' saith the prophet," replied Araminta, tenderly laying her hand on Jared's bent head.

Helping the Negro to Help Himself

By C. C. Smith

Superintendent of Negro Missions for the Christian Woman's Board of Missions of the Church of Christ

TO give alms is easy. To give so as to produce manhood is difficult. The first degrades! The second uplifts! One dollar given to help people to help themselves is worth more than ten dollars given to simply relieve suffering.

In Lowndes County, Alabama, in 1895 a Land Company was organized, the object of which was to enable negroes to become owners of a small tract of land and a cabin without receiving any gift of money. In many parts of the "Cotton Belt" during Reconstruction the plantations were divided into plots of from forty to fifty acres each and rented to negro families. For the use of the land the negro was required to give a mortgage on his cotton crop to the landowner. This cotton he was required to gin at a certain place. When ginned and bailed, he could not sell nor move his cotton until this rent was satisfied. Having been a slave, the negro had no money, possessions, or credit, so he must needs get an "advance" also on his crop, in order to secure a mule, farm implements, and seed. Therefore he must give a second mortgage on his crop not yet raised. This led to conflicting claims between landowner and supply station, and resulted, in most cases, in the owner of the land selling out to the one who furnished the supplies. The landlord and merchant were then one, and took a mortgage on the future crop covering rent and "advance" of all kinds. This led to land monopoly. One man in Lowndes County, Alabama, now owns twenty-seven thousand acres of land in that county, besides large tracts in other counties. Purchased, under these conditions, at about six dollars per acre, he rented this land to the negro at three dollars per acre per annum, and charged his own price for supplies. The negro could not, because of the mortgage, get credit from any other, and was at the mercy of the landlord. Very often, at the end of the year, when the crop was sold and settlement made, the money from the crop did not pay the rent and "advance." Under these circumstances the landowner was enabled to double his money every three years, and the condition of the negro was hopeless, unless some one came to his aid.

It was to render just this aid to the negro that the Land Company above mentioned was organized. The three men most prominent in the work were: a Northern man who was president of an industrial school for negroes; a prominent Southerner who owned a large plantation and had formerly owned slaves; and a negro who, like Booker T. Washington, had been trained at Hampton Institute. These, with others, reasoned thus: If by the toil of the negro the landlord can double his money in three years, cannot we purchase land, divide it among negroes, become land-

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lord and banker for them, and enable them in three years to own their own little homes and be freed from the curse of the mortgage? In other words, the Land Company required just the same payment formerly paid for rent, and granted the same amount for supplies, and they calculated that in this way, with no added hardship, the negro renter would *own* his home at the end of three years. Their purpose was to so arrange that, while nothing should be given him as alms, he should be given the profit from his own toil.

They met with many disappointments and failures. Not until they had learned by experience that to aid this weak people they must needs coerce them for their good, as others had coerced them for gain, did they succeed. At first they sold the land to the negroes, requiring, as before said, only such payment as they (the negroes) had been making for rent. But they soon discovered that the negroes to whom they sold the land secured needless "advances" for luxuries, and had given mortgages on their contracts, so that they were in no better condition than at first. Therefore the Land Company found itself compelled to rent the land in place of selling it, and compelled to bind the negroes in the contract in the most cast-iron way, just as the landowner had formerly done. This was necessary to compel the negroes to do the things needful for their prosperity. They bound the negro to the following conditions: First, he must, during the continuance of the lease, dispose of all his crops to and get all advances for supplies from the Company. Second, all cotton grown on the land must be ginned at a place designated by the Company. Third, no money would be received as payment unless coming from sale of crops raised on the land or as compensation for his own personal toil. (This was, of course, to prevent any outside party from getting claim on the land.) If, at the end of three years, all rents and taxes had been paid and all obligations had been met, the Company gave a warranty deed for the land to the negro.

The progress made by the Land Company has not been rapid. It was dealing with a child-race, and was compelled to use great firmness, and yet sometimes to grant mercy. It was not until 1898 that it had learned how to conduct the scheme on a safe footing. So we may say the following results are the fruitage of seven years. During this time the South passed through a season of depression, cotton being as low as four cents per pound, yet for these seven years the following results have been reached:

The Company has purchased 3,379 acres of land, for which it paid $22,280, being a little less than seven dollars an acre. Most of this land was purchased with borrowed money for which eight per cent. interest was paid. Up to date forty-two negroes have received deeds for their homes. These deeds represent 1,546 acres of land—an average of about thirty-eight acres to each, and for this they have paid $12,022 rent, taxes, and interest. The number of men who will "pay out" this season is sixteen, and a goodly number will each year receive deeds for their homes.

Yet the work is self-sustaining, and a small profit is made on the provisions furnished them, and they do not receive their deed until all obligations are met. And the amount of these obligations covers amount of money advanced, all interest, taxes, and expense of running the Company. Therefore they have not received gifts. Each one receives his deed as a self-respecting man who has honestly earned his home, and as one who has been also taught the value of keeping it from mortgage.

In accomplishing these results many things which cannot be definitely estimated have been done. Many philanthropists in trying to aid the negro have forgotten that they were dealing with a child-race, and have made the mistake of trying to use the same rules and principles which they would adopt in governing a people behind whom were centuries of civilization. Also many writers who have used statistics of crime to show that the negro presents a hopeless problem have forgotten, apparently, that they were making estimates concerning a mass of grown-up children from whom all the wholesome restraint found in

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slavery had been removed and nothing substituted; that they possessed grown-up desires and passions but only the judgment and will-power of children.

The Land Company soon saw that it must foster these children thus, by providence, thrown upon its care, and, like a true father, must not only help but discipline and train. Its relation, by the contract, gave it this power. First, one of the negro's greatest drawbacks in "getting on" was his passion for getting "advance" on his crop—a child crying for things he did not need. When he came to the Land Company for supplies, the secretary (who was the negro trained at Hampton) would patiently show him that each dollar spent was a dollar taken from the sum for land payment. He also showed him that every hour he worked in the garden to raise provisions for his family was so much earned toward a home. If he had not been as a child, he would not have needed this instruction, but because he was as a child the secretary could not only advise but use discipline, restricting him in amount of supplies.

The Land Company this year reports that in 1898 it paid out $4,000 "advance" to renters; in 1903 only $1,400. In 1898 every man received "advance;" in 1903 twelve were enabled to keep their families without any advance; the entire proceeds from the sale of crops was applied on payment for land. In other words, they had, by diligently cultivating their gardens, raising hogs and poultry, and working for wages at off times to buy clothing, the entire proceeds from their crop for the purchase of their home. Second, it is almost impossible to get the negro to improve his land either by the use of fertilizer or by plowing down crops. So the secretary would insist on the use of the best fertilizer in, say, ten rows of cotton—compelling the negro to compare those with the next ten rows not fertilized, and balance accounts with the rows at the end of the season. He not only compelled the negro to increase the crop yield, but to improve the land. Third, the negro who had (during slavery) slept in the "quarters" was slow to provide a suitable home for his family. Yet, realizing that the civilization of a people cannot rise above the home life of that people, the secretary persuades if possible, if not, compels them to build proper cabins. The secretary showed me a neat two-room cabin and told me its history. A man and wife and ten children were living in one small room. He tried to persuade the man to build a larger cabin, but was not able, so he compelled him to do so on pain of land forfeiture. Ten dollars is the amount of cash necessary for the ordinary cabin; the rest comes from the land. Fourth, the peoples who are in the lowest stratum of life are, as a rule, indifferent to the sufferings of others. Among these it is difficult to get those physically strong to bear the infirmities of the weak. Yet I saw on the land of this Land Company a beautiful rustic cabin, nearly completed, being erected by the young men among these home-seekers. It stood by the side of one of the most loathsome huts I have ever seen, occupied by two women, each nearly a hundred years old, one being blind. The new cabin was to replace the hut and give comfort to age and infirmity. Thus these people are not only taught self-help but the glory of helping others. Fifth, those who are ignorant little value education, yet every family in this community of homes sends its children to school at least six months each year. The Land Company can use its power, if need be, to enforce this. Sixth, it gives the women connected with this enterprise access into all these homes for their regulating and purifying.

So it not only means that forty-two families have received deeds for their homes, and that sixteen will soon receive theirs, and that many more are on the way to ownership, but that there is a group of eighty farms better tilled, eighty cabins better built, eighty homes better kept, and eighty families better raised because of the disinterested efforts of the Land Company. Here are at least five hundred negroes living in harmony and purity and fast becoming prosperous, not because they are better than other negroes of the Black Belt, but because they have been so fortunate as to come under the guidance of the

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true spirit of the Christ—manifested in these three promoters of this enterprise, the Southerner, the Northerner, and the negro.

I here quote a sentence from a letter recently received from the secretary of this Land Company: "It is important to note that but for the help of some of our Southern white friends the work which has been done simply could not have been accomplished. One man alone saved us nearly three thousand dollars on the purchase of one plantation." The spirit of oppression is not sectional, neither is the spirit of helpfulness. Many of these owners of large tracts of land who rent to the negroes and profit by them are Northern men who went to the South, after the war, for gain. Again, many men and women of the North have made as true sacrifice in the uplifting of the negro as any who, in the name of Christ, have gone to heathen lands. And, again, the noblest coadjutors of these are the men and women raised with the negro from infancy. The spirit of the world is to get all it can by law. The spirit of Christ is to help all it can by the Gospel; both spirits are found everywhere, and between these there is continual war. No one so rejoices in the prosperity of the former slaves as the Christian "master." Those who, North or South, are pessimistic in regard to the future of the negro are those who are making no sacrifice for his betterment. Those who live for the uplifting of the world believe in the world. Those who live for themselves condemn the world. Sacrifice and love are always optimistic. To the Land Company in Lowndes County, Alabama, which was born in the spirit of sacrifice and true helpfulness, there are no "Leopard's Spots" in the Black Belt. The great mistake made by many who have gone to the negro to help him is that they have sought familiarity with him to convince him of their love. He does not need the condescension of love, but its mastery. Both from nature and training the former slave, above all men, needs authority to lead him out. The Land Company's success is found in its wisdom as well as in its charity, and it was through both that it compelled the negro to do the things needful for his true prosperity.

In British India[1]

By Birendro Nath Sasmal
Of the Middle Temple, London

THIS book is an exquisite piece of human work full of superficial generalities. India is certainly inhabited by different religious bodies, but their difference in religion is not still a barrier against their progress. The majority of the Indians believe that self-effacement and not self-fulfillment is a truer and better religion, and it is here where they are against themselves. Mr. Herbert Compton has never pointed it out.

The difficulty of language was once a very great obstacle, but with the introduction of English education it is being done away with every moment. Moreover, Hindustani has long been the *lingua franca* of India. Intermarriage between the different peoples and religions is not "absolutely unknown," as the author says it is, and I can pick out a number of cases which will go against him. The Bengalees are marrying the Bombayites, and the Bombayites are marrying the Madrasees. Caste is not still "the very breath of his nostrils," nor "to preserve his caste is the be-all and end-all of a Hindu's career in this world." It is true that its social convention is there in the midst of the masses, but it has lost its ancient force. Even a Brahmin of to-day secretly dines with a Sudra, and the best of it is that it is an open secret!

The wrongs of womanhood are fast disappearing; the number of widow marriages has been greatly increased, and the infant and child-marriage customs

[1] *Indian Life in Town and Country.* By Herbert Compton. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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are in backward migration. In other words, as the author of this handsome volume says himself, "The unchanging East, after reclining for two thousand years on a civilization established before Christ was born, has within the last three decades begun to stir on its couch, to look around it, to stretch out its foot, feeling the path."

But Mr. Herbert Compton is peculiarly unsympathetic throughout his book, save on one occasion, with the speechless teeming millions of modern India. In matters of individual concern he is perhaps very "open-minded," but in treating the questions of national importance he is blindly in favor of the Government of India. One or two examples will bear out this statement. He writes:

> Until the *Pax Britannica* turned swords into plowshares, India was an ideal land for the soldier. In its social system, the fighting caste trod close on the heels of the privileged priestly one, and men-at-arms were as sand on the seashore.

To-day, he points out, "the warrior caste has fallen on evil days since the Arms Act deprived him of his sword. . . . His occupation is gone, for only a fraction of him can find employment in the native armies." But there he stops and goes no further.

> Wild beasts and venomous reptiles enter into the economy of daily life with a shocking freedom. Of savage wild beasts, such as the tiger and wolf, I will not pause to write; they are too well known by repute. But many a peasant's life is rendered a burden to him by wild pig, deer, jackals, and monkeys.

And consider that all India, in the face of this truth, is kept unarmed! A rich man can sometimes buy a gun by bribing the "jacks in office," but a poor man can never. And it is the poor man who is more exposed to these dangers. Yet Mr. Compton has said nothing in particular about the Arms Act. Neither has he commented upon his assertion that India is a country with "no political privileges, no representation [but taxation], and no members of Parliament."

He found time, however, to dwell upon the demands of the Indian National Congress. "The annual gathering of representatives of all parts of India" recommends "holding the Indian civil service examinations in India for half the appointments." India is the mother country of the Indians, and an Indian, as he rightly declares, "is cunning and contentious in argument, and his intellectual powers, when educated, are capable of considerable development. In this respect he puts the Englishman to shame, and were all the posts in the Indian Government [remember, this is the government of his own Fatherland] thrown open to examination in India, we should probably see the administration filled with Bengali Baboos and Mahratta Brahmins." But this moderate demand of the Indian National Congress—of which Sir Richard Garth, a conservative of conservatives, a Chief Justice of Bengal and a Privy Councilor, spoke so highly—for only half the appointments is "theoretical," for the Indian National Congress is "Tammany Hall on a small scale"!

Take, again, his treatment of the Indian famine question. He "vows" that "there is no more pathetic figure in the British Empire than the Indian ryot." But as to his finding out the causes of famine even remotely, he has traveled over merely the same old "providential" path. The "over-population" fallacy is no more. The ceaseless plague and ever-increasing death-rate from starvation have long since stood against its existence. But the climatic obstacle to material prosperity in India is still in vogue. "Two inches of rain withheld in its due season will destroy more human life than a quarter of a century of European warfare, and cause as much human suffering as Bonaparte did in his career."

Certainly such havoc has been wrought in India times without number, (or *brought about*, as Mr. William Digby proves in his famous "'Prosperous' British India"); but climate had very little to do with it. Perhaps it did something in a couple of cases or so, but climate, absolutely divorced from irrigation derangement, has never done anything. The obvious underlying causes of Indian famines are two in number. First of them is insufficient irrigation.

One will almost be shocked to know

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that the capital expenditure in irrigation of an empire like British India is something like £50,000,000, half of which is held in England. In 1878 the town of Manchester alone, with a population of 500,000, spending £2,000,000 already, came to its Parliament to ask to be allowed to spend another £3,500,000, making on the whole £5,500,000, to have a sufficient supply of pure water for itself. If justice had been done to India, which English people say and think they have done, the Indians should have seen there an expenditure of £2,200,000,000, if available, in irrigation works, in the year 1878, according to her then population, instead of only £20,000,000. Indeed, there are yet, at the dawn of the twentieth century, plenty of villages in India where people get diseases for want of drinking-water in summer, almost every year. But Mr. Compton quotes: "There has never been anything so wonderful under the sun as the conquest, and, still more, the government of India by the British"!

The second cause of ever-increasing famines in India can best be understood if we shortly consider her agricultural condition. In 1882 the Indians had an annual income in agriculture of about £233,333,333. In 1898–99 it was found reduced to about £189,588,971, although there has been since then the reclamation of nearly 16,000,000 acres of waste lands. Agricultural income of a country can, to my mind, never increase unless the countrymen are given permanent settlement of lands. It is true, as everywhere in every business, that if anybody is allowed to possess and use a thing for his whole life, and then by his heirs, generation after generation, he will naturally take a more lively interest therein. The Bengal farmers being given permanent settlement of lands by Lord Ripon as a trial, therefore did their best and are still doing it to improve the growth of their soil; and this is why Bengal is said to be the richest province in India.

But the English will not settle lands on the Indians permanently, even after Lord Ripon's earnest advice; for, once they are able to maintain their livelihood easily, they will direct their attention to things unknown. Poor men as they are, they get discontented with the very outlook of a famine, and when they think that their so many acres of lands are to be taken away and given to another who will bid higher at the next sale, probably next year, they intentionally do nothing to increase the growth of the soil. And therefore famine in India is very nearly permanent.

There are two other things to be dwelt upon in this connection. Roughly speaking, the land tax of all India is excessive and uncertain. In 1887–88, Ruprâm, an Indian farmer, cultivated nine acres of land in the Northwestern Provinces. His total income was, according to government statistics, Rs. 341 7 as. ($110). And he had to pay a rent of Rs. 300 ($100)! The land tax is also uncertain, which means, whenever the government will be in need of money, which it always is, it can without a single hitch increase the rent for the revenue of the State! And one-third of the national revenue of India, which is something like eighty millions sterling, goes to England every year without any economic return whatsoever.

Mr. Compton's information is sometimes very accurate, but he tells us only the half of the story. He has contradicted himself on many occasions, and he is not consistent when he talks of railway traveling in India. He wants in the first and second class carriages "a guarantee against the intrusion of gentlemen of color whose domestic and social habits are not in accord with our ideas of delicacy of behavior;" but be it remembered that an Indian who travels as a first or second class passenger is very often a superior being to his Anglo-Indian brother by birth and heredity. The Indian does not object to the Anglo-Indian personally; he objects to his drinking and smoking in the same compartment in the presence of an Indian lady. He objects to his Anglo-Indian countrymen's selfishness, which goes to the very verge of cruelty.

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The Englishman Through French Eyes

By H. Addington Bruce

THE recent translation of M. Émile Boutmy's "The English People"[1] has introduced to English-speaking readers a unique contribution to the literature of what may well be termed interracial psychology. It is an attempt on the part of the scholarly French critic, an eminent disciple of Taine, to "fix" the genius of the Englishman, to formulate the nature of his characteristics and the forces that have given rise to them, and to trace his political evolution and indicate his political future. Quite apart from its subject matter the work must be regarded as intensely stimulating. It raises anew the problem of the "method" whereby foreign observers of racial traits and characteristics may most closely approach the soul of a nation; it gives an added meaning to the old question of the comparative value of the judgments of home-bred and foreign investigators; it also, in exemplifying to an unexpected degree the gulf between the modes and processes of thought of Gallican and Anglo-Saxon peoples, opens up a wide field of interesting speculation. A Frenchman, instinctively agreeing that M. Boutmy had followed the correct procedure, would probably accept his deductions with scant reservation; an Englishman would naturally dissent from them, with a latent belief that the by no means flattering portrait upheld to him was a product largely of innate racial prejudice. The question of prejudice need not enter, however. The errors into which M. Boutmy has undoubtedly fallen may be ascribed simply and solely to "method," chiefly to "psychological method."

The keynote of his work is sounded in these sentences: "In France this [experimental] psychology is three-quarters logic. Accumulated facts, which make of it a different thing, are distasteful to us; they incline towards the indefinite and lend themselves to too many exceptions. We want definite divisions, brief, clear formulas." The modern psychologist, freed through the teachings of Comte and the school of Lotze from the trammels of pure introspection, will view with distrust this proclamation of adherence to abstraction. What modern psychology demands above all else, as a means of escape from the pitfalls of the old school, is a rich accumulation of facts. Broad generalizations, proceeding from bases of axiomatic formulas, are, when confronted by "too many exceptions," forced either to beat a hasty retreat or to become involved in a network of inconsistencies and contradictions, and this albeit the "exceptions" are ignored. This is precisely what happens in the case of the work before us, in which, not infrequently, there is even a clashing of formulas. M. Boutmy's contemptuous dismissal of Bacon as a mere dialectician is alone sufficient to prepare the student for conclusions as disconcerting as original.

All of the writer's contentions respecting the political, industrial, and social Englishman may be said to hinge on two formulas, which, in turn, depend on a third. The Englishman, these formulas run, is incapable of abstract reasoning; is a creature of effort for the sake of effort; and is thus constituted by reason of his natural environment, soil, climate, etc. Nature gives him this ultimatum: "If you relax your efforts, destruction will overtake you; but if you take pains, your reward will be a thousandfold." There is here a stern command to action, to the cultivation of foresight and self-control; and a consequent development of racial characteristics of virility, energy, and independence, with, secondarily, earnestness and sincerity. The true basis of the Englishman's character M. Boutmy finds in a quotation from "Tom Brown's School-days"—"the consciousness of silent endurance, so dear to every Englishman—of standing out against something,

[1] *The English People: A Study of their Political Psychology.* By Émile Boutmy. Translated from the French by E. English. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

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and not giving in." Well and good. This is a trait with which we are perfectly familiar, and to which we are accustomed to ascribe much of the Englishman's success in the arts of war and peace. But M. Boutmy finds his formulas compelling him to hold another position. It appears that the "mists" of Merry England have a depressing effect on the emotional and æsthetic side of the Englishman, blunting his sensibilities. From this the French critic argues that, to cite an example, the proverbial bravery of the English soldier under fire is due, not to any heroic quality, but merely to lethargy and dullness. The "mists" are responsible for far more than this. The severity of the struggle for existence, to which they give occasion, has not only developed in the Englishman individualistic and utilitarian tendencies, but has rendered him coarse, rude, brutal, and arrogant. Inhumanity is another salient trait, and the "exception" of the notable acts of philanthropy performed by the English people is explained away on the ground that they originated, not in a clear understanding of and sympathy with the rights of universal man, but in the "passion for action" and a "sentimentality which is aroused by general questions." M. Boutmy finds no trouble in citing cases to prove his theory of the natural brutality of the Englishman. Yet mayhap these should be considered as "exceptions" to another formula which would explain the humanizing influence exerted by the Anglo-Saxon race throughout the world—an influence, by the way, which does not enter into the writer's calculations.

That it should escape him is the more remarkable in view of his insistence on the richness of the Englishman's "inner life." But even here the formulas forbid consistency. Maintaining that the Englishman does not accept a materialistic conception of life, we nevertheless find this opposing argument advanced: "The intensity of his material wants, the rich promise of his country's soil, the facilities arising from its geographical position, all the consciousness of wealth and power, create for the Englishman an ideal within reach of his eyes and hands, and urge him to unceasing activity. He has no time to follow vain phantoms; they are too far removed from earth, too alien to life here below, to its conditions and necessities. Naturalism and metaphysics kept at a distance, or used merely as a background for the perpetually moving human microcosm, sink to the level of religion, and religion that plays the part of a trusted guide, especially esteemed for its common sense—*magister vitæ*. Even in matters of faith the Englishman hardly gets beyond the horizon of the circumstantial psychologist and moralist, of the earth, earthy." No passage could more clearly show the impossibility of the French philosopher meeting the Englishman on common ground. Applying his formulas to religion, art, literature, and science, M. Boutmy arrives at some interesting conclusions. "The race," he asserts, "is religious for the simple reason that, being by nature violent and brutal, it has special need of discipline." Owing to the weakness and aridity of their faculty of abstraction, the English deal with criticism and history "from a singularly narrow point of view. . . . They are always more or less chained to their soil and captives of the present." In literature they are deficient in ideas of order; their paintings are "lacking in the profound unity of matter and idea;" their philosophers "have no inclination nor capacity for metaphysics." All this, however, together with an examination of the racial components of the Englishman, is but by way of preliminary to the consideration of the main theme—the Englishman in politics—a clearing away of dead timber, so to speak; a correction of erroneous but generally entertained impressions. I have dwelt upon it because it exhibits to a more striking extent than the political discussion proper the dangers to which M. Boutmy's method of generalization exposes him, and because it indicates the lines which his exposition of the Englishman politically must take.

Self-contained, originative without being revolutionary, progressive yet conservative, more and more inclined to take upon himself the attributes of sover-

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eignty, while, through reverence for tradition, clinging to the monarchic system; true to personalities rather than doctrines, but exerting a "pressure from without" to which statesmen must bend or break—such are the characteristics which, in M. Boutmy's opinion, have gradually expanded to produce a compact democracy, to-day installed as "supreme arbiter in politics," and which alone have made possible such a career in the political world as that of Joseph Chamberlain. "Little or nothing of all this would have been possible twenty-five years ago," writes the critic in concluding a pessimistic review of the present situation in England; "the Tories and the Whigs would have directed the policy of the country over the heads of the multitude, and would not have stooped to consult the passions and prejudices of the people; something in them would have resisted the desire to please the multitude and humor the man in the street. The underlying omnipotence of the democracy has brought about the change in their method of procedure; powerless to stop themselves, they hurry down the slope towards which the reckless and cynical personality of a Chamberlain has led them." The secret of Mr. Chamberlain's popularity is thus explained by M. Boutmy:

> Mr. Chamberlain's faults never, at any point, give offense to the democracy. It is characteristic of the people to evince in their demands more impatience and angry bitterness than the upper classes; Mr. Chamberlain is noted for the same traits. It is characteristic of the people to take their desires for realities. Did not Mr. Chamberlain do likewise in the speech at Leicester, when he represented Germany and the United States as allies, and posed as an intimate of the Emperor? It is characteristic of the people to object to their mouthpiece retracting anything he has said; when this extraordinary and universally censured speech was attacked in the House of Commons, Mr. Chamberlain gloried in every word he had uttered, and declared that he would not retract a single syllable. It is characteristic of the people in a whole situation to consider only the thing they have most at heart; their sole thought was for the Transvaal, they did not trouble about anything else. Was not this the case with Mr. Chamberlain when he emptied England of her troops and last cannon, when he hastily concluded treaties which had been dragging on for a long time, when he yielded to the claims of Germany over Samoa and the United States over the Nicaragua Canal, when he passively allowed other nations to take the lead—France at Insalah and Shanghai, Russia in China and Persia? It is characteristic of the people to ignore rebuffs, to half consciously allow itself to be duped, to keep its eyes fixed on the future and the success attending an immense output of force. Is not this what Mr. Chamberlain did when, having carelessly acknowledged that some faults had been committed, he took refuge in the belief that they would shortly be repaired? . . .

Aside from procedure, two factors should be noted, each of which clearly plays no small part in determining the direction of M. Boutmy's findings. Upon both Mr. J. E. C. Bodley lays stress in his illuminative introduction, which deserves careful perusal for its own sake. M. Boutmy, it appears, following the example of Taine, prepared himself for his task by wide and laborious reading, supplementing his library investigations by personal observation of the catechetical order. Mr. Bodley, on the other hand, who is favorably known as the author of an exhaustive study of the French people, pursued an exactly opposite course, mingling with the French in their varied walks of life, and then completing his inquiries by a broad reference to printed authorities. Each method has its advantages and its drawbacks, but of the two Mr. Bodley's would seem to tend to produce the happier result. As the Hungarian student of interracial psychology, M. Emil Reich, has expressed it: "The essentials upon which a true appreciation of a people can be based are a long sojourn among them, not as a wealthy and independent stranger, but as a participator in their struggle for existence. To know a people well, you must have seen them in good fortune and in the despair of adversity; you must have fought against their men and against their women; then, finally, perhaps, it will be granted you to penetrate behind the mask of conventionality."

The second factor is M. Boutmy's complete "literary blindness," to which Mr. Bodley thus makes reference: "He is not afflicted with the total eclipse which turned Milton's view from the political movement of the world to the contemplation of the heavenly vision.

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He can walk abroad unattended. He can discern the verdure of the trees by day and the stars as they shine by night. He can faintly distinguish the features of a person who is talking to him at very close quarters. But the general aspect of the world is hidden from him, while reading and writing are entirely beyond his powers." Mr. Bodley submits that in the book there is nothing to indicate "that it was the work of one who was not in full possession of all the senses which Taine enjoyed when he composed his famous 'Notes' on England." With this we cannot wholly agree. Nor can we regard it as altogether improbable that were M. Boutmy "in full possession of all the senses which Taine enjoyed," he would find many of the opinions derived from literary sources swept away by free, clear contact with the country and its people.

Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price, with postage added when the price is marked "net."

Amateur Spirit (The). By Bliss Perry. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 164 pages. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

American Interior Decoration: A Portfolio Containing Views of the Best Contemporary American Interiors Correctly Classified by Periods. Clifford Lawton, 19 Union Square, New York. 9½×13 in. $2.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Appreciation of Sculpture (The): A Handbook. By Russell Sturgis, A.M., Ph.D. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 6×10 in. 235 pages. $1.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Ariel Booklets (The): Christmas Eve and Easter Day. By Robert Browning. **Castle Rackrent and Other Irish Tales.** By Maria Edgeworth and John and Michael Banim. **Undine.** By De La Motte Fouqué. **Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput.** By Jonathan Swift. **Old Christmas.** By Washington Irving. **A Counterblast to Tobacco.** By James II. of England. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 3¾×5½ in. 75c. each.

Art-Literature Readers (The). Book One. By Eulalie Osgood Grover. Illustrated. Atkinson Mentzer & Grover, Chicago. 5½×8 in. 111 pages. 30c.

Art of Caricature (The). By Grant Wright. Illustrated. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5¼×7½ in. 180 pages. $1, net.

A manual for the student of caricature, with a résumé of the history of the art and practical instructions in its methods. The volume is illustrated with many reproductions of famous cartoons.

Balkans from Within (The). By Reginald Wyon. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 475 pages. $5, net.

Mr. Wyon's well-printed volume is timely. Indeed, anything is timely which serves to remind us of the fact that the Berlin Treaty, instead of being just, has proved unjust. The truth of this has been made apparent enough in Asiatic Turkey. Mr. Wyon tells us that it has been true also in European Turkey. He takes us with him through the insurgent provinces and into Montenegro. We find that, while the greater part of the volume is occupied with picturing life among the inhabitants, there are forecasts and conclusions, drawn from actual experience at first hand, which give to the book an added value. Mr. Wyon would have us believe that a war between Turkey and Bulgaria is a natural and perhaps inevitable thing. It has not needed this author's graphic descriptions to convince us of such a probability. Mr. Wyon does for us what very few have done or could do—he has shown us the attractive side of life in the Balkans, and our comprehension of Balkan problems is thus materially increased. The impressions in America and England of the inhabitants of the Peninsula is for the most part extremely unfavorable. Mr. Wyon shows us the peasants, whether Albanian or Serb, Bulgar or Montenegrin, as men and women of full-blooded energy and of abounding hospitality.

Beatrice of Venice. By Max Pemberton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 378 pages. $1.50.

A spirited romance involving the loves of an aide-de-camp of Napoleon and a Venetian political *intrigante* during the French invasion of Italy. The Venice and Verona of that period are graphically pictured, and many interesting characters are introduced into the plot.

Belle of Bowling Green (The). By Amelia E. Barr. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 342 pages. $1.50.

Mrs. Barr dwells with affection upon the early history of New York City, and creates another of her pretty heroines, sufficiently faulty to be human. Sapphira lived in a stately mansion on Bowling Green. Of proud ancestry, mingled Dutch and French, her patriotism took fire when war was declared against England in 1812, at which time the story opens. The strong-willed old grandmother adds a piquant element to the small group of characters. The tangles of Sapphira's love affair and descriptions of

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social and political complications give play for the author's well-known style, and she adds one more to a long list of wholesome popular novels.

Biblical Illustrator (The). By Rev. Joseph S. Exell, M.A. Index to the New Testament Volumes compiled by T. F. Peachey. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 6×9 in. 507 pages. $5, net.

The twenty-eight volumes devoted to the New Testament make this index volume indispensable. It is not only for its immediate purpose that it is serviceable, but also as a subject-index to the New Testament itself. The series which it is fitted to is encyclopædic in its range of information suited for illustration of lessons drawn from the Bible, and is offered by the publishers on very favorable terms. The Old Testament series is already in course of publication.

Billy Whiskers, Jr. By Frances Trego Montgomery. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 7½×9¼ in. 140 pages. $1.

Blue Dragon (The). By Kirk Munroe. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 268 pages. $1.25.

A boy's story of adventures in China during the Boxer uprising and the siege of the Legations at Peking. The author always tells a story well, and this one is no exception to the rule.

Boss Tom: The Annals of an Anthracite Mining Village. By Matt. Stan. Kemp. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×7¾ in. 412 pages.

Breaking Home Ties. By Max Ehrmann. Dodge Publishing Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 54 pages. $1.25.

Browning Calendar (A). Edited by Constance M. Spender. (Chiswick Series.) Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 74 pages. 50c., net. (Postage, 5c.)

Calendar to Bring Good Cheer and Guarantee a Happy Year (A). Containing Cheerful Quotations for Every Week, A Place for the Daily Record of Daily Happenings and the Noting of Future Engagements. Compiled by Delia Lyman Porter. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 60c., net.

Captains of the World. By Gwendolen Overton. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 376 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Careers for the Coming Men: Practical and Authoritative Discussions of the Professions and Callings Open to Young Americans. By Whitelaw Reid, D. B. St. John Roosa, M.D., Col. Albert L. Mills, U. S. A., and Others. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 5×8¾ in. 245 pages. $1.50.

A series of papers, written for the New York "Tribune" by prominent men in many professions and lines of business, containing advice to young men who are planning their careers.

Children on the Top Floor (The). By Nina Rhoades. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 219 pages. $1.

Comedies and Legends for Marionettes: A Theater for Boys and Girls. By Georgiana Goddard King. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 203 pages. $1.25.

Very clever little plays and pantomimes, with a chapter of practical instruction in the making of a Marionette theater.

Common Way (The). By Margaret Deland. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¼×6¾ in. $1.25, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Corea: The Hermit Nation. By William Elliot Griffis. (Seventh Edition, Revised and Enlarged.) Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8¾ in. 502 pages. $2.50.

New chapters, four in number, bring this authoritative work close to the present date, including the Japanese occupation of 1904.

Courtship of Miles Standish (The). By Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. Edited by Homer P. Lewis. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×5¾ in. 95 pages. 25c.

Daily Cheer Year Book. Selected and Arranged by M. Allette Ayer. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4¼×6¾ in. 366 pages. $1.

Denslow's Scarecrow and the Tin Man. By W. W. Denslow. Illustrated. G. W. Dillingham Co., New York. 8¼×11 in. $1.25.

Dog Tales. By Lilian Cask. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 4½×6½ in. 64 pages. 25c.

Dorothy Dainty at School. By Amy Brooks. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 239 pages. $1.

Early Western Travels, 1748–1846. Edited by Reuben Thwaites, LL.D. Vol. VIII. The Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, Ohio. 6¼×9½ in. 365 pages. $4.

Elegy Written in a Country Church-yard. By Thomas Gray. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 20 pages. 50c., net.

Elementary Geography. By Richard Elwood Dodge. Part I. **Home Geography.** Part II. **World Relations and the Continents.** Illustrated. Rand, McNally & Co., New York. 7½×10 in. 231 pages. 35c.

Everyday People. By Charles Dana Gibson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 16×11 in. $4.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Famous Women as Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5¼×8½ in. 344 pages. $1.60, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Far and Near. By John Burroughs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 288 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage extra.)

Reserved for later notice.

First Primer of Apologetics (A). By Robert Mackintosh, D.D. (Second Edition.) Andrew Melrose, London, England. 4½×7¼ in. 120 pages.

The usually bulky volume is here condensed and simplified. In stating the essentials of the argument for the beliefs held by Christians the author admits that "we must unload part of our cargo," and must also discriminate between the central beliefs of the heart and the intellectual forms of stating them. From this standpoint the Christian argument easily conforms to the requirements of modern learning, and might go further in this direction than the author is ready to go. For, as he well says, "Apologetics . . . are not a sum of verities, nor yet of dogmas; they are a spirit and method and point of view." The point of view here taken is Christo-centric: belief in Christ carries with it all that needs be carried.

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This little treatise is well suited to those who are no longer content to camp with the fathers, yet hesitate to camp with the vanguard of the sons.

Folk-Lore Readers (The). By Eulalie Osgood Grover. Illustrated. Atkinson, Mentzer & Grover, Chicago. 6×8 in. 112 pages 30c.

Folly for the Wise. By Carolyn Wells. Illustrated. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis, Ind. 5×8 in. 170 pages. $1.

For People Who Laugh: Showing How, Through Woman, Came Laughter into the World. By Adair Welker. Published by the Author, San Francisco, Cal. 5×8¼ in. 107 pages.

France: Historic and Romantic. By Joel Cook. Illustrated. In 2 vols. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×8 in.

Reserved for later notice.

Gainsborough and His Place in English Art. By Sir Walter Armstrong. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 6×9¾ in. 298 pages. $3.50, net.

Reserved for later notice.

George Eliot. By Mathilde Blind. (New Edition.) Famous Women Series. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 359 pages. $1.25.

Golliwogg in Holland (The). Verses by Bertha Upton. Pictures by Florence K. Upton. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 10½×8½ in. 64 pages. $1.50, net.

Grace Before Meat: A Collection of Table Blessings for All Occasions. By Amos R. Wells. United Society of Christian Endeavor, Boston. 4×6 in. 76 pages. 25c.

Handicraft and Recreation for Girls. By Lina Beard and Adelia B. Beard. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×7 in. 357 pages. $1.60, net.

This book is divided into two parts, a manual of work and a manual of play—each equally invaluable to mother or elder sister, whose resourcefulness in finding occupation and amusement for younger hands and minds has been long overtaxed. Illustrations and diagrams make everything clear that is not fully elucidated in the text.

Highways and Byways of the South. Written and Illustrated by Clifton Johnson. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6×8¼ in. 362 pages. $2, net.

Mr. Johnson accurately describes his book as a faithful record of impressions in a picturesque region, chiefly in the country, the little villages, and the scattered farm-houses. There is nothing argumentative about these sketches; they present simply and truly, often with humor and lively dialogue, the people of the soil, their ways of living, their restrictions and ambitions and enjoyments. The Georgia cracker, the Tennessee mountaineer, the North Carolina tar-gatherer, and many other types, black and white, are studied in a friendly and familiar way. The pictures are, like all of Mr. Johnson's photographic work, well-chosen renderings of real life and character.

History of Negro Servitude in Illinois and of the Slavery Agitation in that State, 1719-1864 (The). By N. Dwight Harris, Ph.D. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5×8 in. 276 pages. $1.50.

A very careful piece of work originally prepared to meet the requirements for the doctorate of philosophy. There are very full references to original documents and other sources. Appended are a bibliography, specimen copies of slave papers, and other data. The book is indexed. Though the study is careful of authorities, it is not careless of the human questions involved. There is a wholesome recognition of the fact that official papers and statute laws do not adequately preserve the spirit of a time. No historian can be merely mechanical. The author's instincts are in sympathy with the anti-slavery movement.

History of Scotland from the Roman Occupation (A). By Andrew Lang. Vol. III. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 424 pages. $3.50. (Postage, 24c.)

The Outlook has already commented at length on what seems to us perhaps Mr. Andrew Lang's most notable achievement. His instinct for the romantic, wherever found, stands him in good stead in the present volume as in its predecessors. With always interesting details, he carefully considers successively the Protestant disruption, the riot in St. Giles's Church and its consequences, the bishops' war, the Scotch invasion of England, the relations of the Commonwealth to Scotland, finally the Restoration. As will be gathered from these subjects, the historian has here abundant opportunity to emphasize not only the picturesque but the personal. Any historian could hardly fail in doing so to some degree, least of all Mr. Lang. It is true that the period was one of theological, political, and physical conflict, measured by the battles of Aberdeen, Auldearn, Alford, Kilsyth, Carbisdale, Dunbar. But out of the general, swaying, struggling mass of men rise certain commanding figures who receive characteristic treatment from Mr. Lang—Hamilton, Montrose, Charles the First, Sharp, Argyll, Cromwell.

House and Home. By Mary Elizabeth Carter. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 4×7 in. 271 pages. $1, net.

This excellent little volume is number four of the Woman's Home Library Series, edited by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster. Its score of chapters discuss in quite intimate detail the subject of practical home management, giving useful hints to housewives, experienced and inexperienced.

Honor Sherburne. By Amanda M. Douglas. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 4¾×7½ in. 340 pages. $1.25.

A wholesome story, picturing Washington social life in a manner that will be especially pleasing to the young people who have, so to say, grown up with the Sherburne Series and have here given them the opportunity of following the young people of that interesting family through some of the experiences of mature life.

Honor Girl (An). By Evelyn Raymond. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4½×7½ in. 309 pages. $1.25.

Amy Barnard was an ambitious student and won a college scholarship by her work in the

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home high school. How she decided to stay at home and be just a daughter is very well told without undue emphasis upon the sacrifice. The boy of the book, Amy's brother, is very real, and wins our liking through all his awkward and foolish blunders. It is a pleasant, wholesome story.

How to Identify Portrait Miniatures. By George C. Williamson, Litt.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8½ in. 126 pages. $2.

A valuable handbook for the amateur collector, to which are appended a half-dozen chapters of practical instruction in the painting of miniatures. The text is illustrated with interesting examples of the art chosen from many famous public and private collections.

How to Study Shakespeare. By William H. Fleming. Series IV. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. 4¼×6½ in. 419 pages. $1, net.

The fourth volume in this series, following the methods of its predecessors, deals with "Richard II.," "Cymbeline," the first and second parts of "Henry IV.," and "The Taming of the Shrew."

Imaginary Obligations. By Frank Moore Colby. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 334 pages. $1.20, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Impressionist Painting: Its Genesis and Development. By Wynford Dewhurst. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 8×12 in. 128 pages. $9, net.

Reserved for later notice.

In St. Jurgen. By Theodor Woldsen Storm. Edited by J. H. Beckman, B.A. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4¼×6¾ in. 120 pages. $1.

In the Miz. By Grace E. Ward. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 7×9½ in. 159 pages. $1.50.

Irma and Nap. By Helen Leah Reed. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 248 pages. $1.25.

A good story for little girls' reading. The author has evidently made her studies from life. Her children are real, and her style also is natural and pleasing.

Island of Tranquil Delights (The): A South Sea Idyl and Others. By Charles Warren Stoddard. Herbert B. Turner & Co., Boston. 5½×7½ in. 318 pages. $1, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Italian Villas and Their Gardens. By Edith Wharton. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 7×11 in. 270 pages. $6, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Jewish Encyclopædia (The): A Descriptive Record of the History, Religion, Literature, and Customs of the Jewish People from the Earliest Times to the Present Day. Prepared by more than Four Hundred Scholars and Specialists, under the direction of the following Editorial Board: Cyrus Adler, Ph.D., Wilhelm Bacher, Ph.D., Gotthard Deutsch, Ph.D., Richard Gottheil, Ph.D., Emil G. Hirsch, Ph.D., LL.D., Joseph Jacobs, B.A., Kaufmann Kohler, Ph. D., Herman Rosenthal, Crawford H. Toy, D D., LL.D., Frank H. Vizetelly, F.S.A., William Popper, M.A., Ph.D., Isidor Singer, Ph.D., and others. Vol. VIII. Leon-Moravia. Illustrated. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 7¼×11 in. 685 pages. $7.

This, the latest volume of this great work, collaborated by Jewish and Christian scholars, justifies the high estimate of its value which The Outlook has already expressed. As embodying a history of the life of Israel in achievement and in suffering for four thousand years, no one will undervalue it who remembers the derivation of Christianity. Among the more important articles are those on Hebrew Literature, ancient and modern; Manuscripts; Marriage, Marriage Ceremonies, etc.; Medicine, with lists of eminent practitioners and specialists, past and present; and Messiah. The cities and lands inhabited by Jews form an important class of subjects. It appears that in Lithuania Jewish conditions were better in the fourteenth century than at present under Russian rule. The history of Jews in England occupies twenty-three pages under the title "London." Biographical articles include some famous subjects, as the two Mendelssohns and Sir Moses Montefiore. Like the preceding volumes, this is finely illustrated.

Jack Tenfield's Star: A Story of Yankee Pluck. By Martha James. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5½×8 in. 304 pages. $1.25.

Lady of Loyalty House (The). By Justin Huntley McCarthy. Harper & Bros., New York. 4¾×7¾ in. 299 pages. $1.50.

A tale of a stalwart Roundhead soldier and a lovely Cavalier lady in the strenuous days of the English Revolution. The story is a slender one, but sprightly and entertaining.

Larry the Wanderer. By Edward Stratemeyer. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4½×7¼ in. 263 pages. $1.

Laurel Token (The): A Story of the Yamassee Uprising. By Annie M. Barnes. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7¾ in. 374 pages. $1.25.

Law of the Land (The). By Emerson Hough. Illustrated. Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis. 5×7½ in. 416 pages. $1.50.

A story of the South after the war. There are scenes and bits of character-painting that are unusually good, but the plot is rather crude and melodramatic.

L'Ete de la Saint-Martin. By Henri Meilhac et Ludovic Halévy. Edited by Victor E. François, A.M. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. 4¼×6½ in. 98 pages.

Liber Studiorum. By J. M. W. Turner. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 12×9 in. 69 pages. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Love Triumphant: A Book of Poems. By Frederic Lawrence Knowles. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4½7¼ in. 168 pages. $1, net. (Postage, 10c.)

There are many evidences of thought and graceful phrase in these poems by a young writer. He is profoundly influenced by his reading, sometimes to the sacrifice of his own individuality; and at other times one meets the gloom of cynicism that is so inseparable from a certain sort of thoughtful youth. He has been cordially welcomed by Mrs. Moulton, who regards his work as a contribution "to immortal literature"—a strong phrase. The variety of themes chosen by Mr. Knowles will attract readers

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of varied taste to his writings. He is also an author of clear and acceptable prose.

Lullaby Castle and Other Poems. By Blanche Mary Channing. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 62 pages.

Luxury of Children and Some Other Luxuries (The). By Edward Sandford Martin. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 6×9¼ in. 214 pages. $1.75, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Making of Meenie (The). By Edith L. Gilbert. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×8 in. 186 pages. $1.

Making the Nine. By Albertus T. Dudley. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 332 pages. $1.25.

Mammy 'Mongst the Wild Nations of Europe. By Ruthella Mory Bibbins. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 305 pages. $1.25.

Mammy is an old Virginia darky who accompanies her "quality folks" abroad for a year. The record of her impressions and experiences is occasionally quite amusing, but that only when the writer's effort to have it so is less obtrusively apparent than throughout the major portion of the book.

"Mammy Rosie." By Albert Morris Bagby. Published by the Author, 18 W. 34th St., New York. 5×7¾ in. 333 pages. $1.50.

Marjorie Fleming: The Story of Pet Marjorie, together with Her Journals and Her Letters. By L. MacBean. To which is added **Marjorie Fleming: A Story of Child-Life Fifty Years Ago.** By John Brown, M.D. Illustrated. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 203 pages. $2.

It is strange that the flitting of a little figure across the busy life of Sir Walter Scott should have left an indelible impression upon literature. Perhaps the fact that "Pet Marjorie" was long ago enshrined in Dr. John Brown's lovely memorial has kept her memory especially bright; but even so, no other little maid of nine years, born a hundred years ago, has a similar hold upon our hearts. The American edition of the story of Marjorie Fleming contains her Journal and Letters almost in full, in their original quaint form. Marjorie's reflections upon life, her criticisms upon her friends, her dramatic appreciation of history and literature, her diverting rages over the multiplication table—"the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itselfe cant endure;" and her fear of being "primmed up with majestick Pride," are almost household thoughts with us all, so well have we learned the ways of the dear child. The present volume adds to our pleasure greatly, in its full extracts from the manuscript diary, but the author errs somewhat in overloading the fragile and elusive quality of his material by too copious comments.

Mary's Garden and How it Grew. By Frances Duncan. Illustrated. The Century Co., New York. 5×7 in. 261 pages. $1.25.

Mary's friend across the street, Herr Trommel, gardener and retired florist, led her into many delightful secrets of plant culture, giving simple, practical lessons on gardening to the little girl whose tastes led her in that direction. One can learn all the essential details as to the care of flowers in this pretty little book, destined to be a favorite with both children and mothers.

Memories of a Hundred Years. By Edward Everett Hale. (New Edition, Revised, with Three Additional Chapters.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 399 pages. $2.50, net.

In adding three chapters of reminiscence to the series which was originally written for Outlook readers and has since in book form been welcomed by his wider circle of friends, Dr. Hale characteristically quotes or adapts Lincoln's words, "The people will perhaps like these chapters who like that sort of thing." Assuredly, people generally do like just this kind of thing—delightfully discursive talk about men and things from a shrewd observer, a kindly humorist, and one who knows how to sift the significant from the trivial.

Modern Industrialism. By Frank L. McVey, Ph.D. Illustrated. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 300 pages. $1.50, net. (Postage additional.)

Briefly, Dr. McVey surveys the evolution of industry in three countries, the United States, Great Britain, and Germany, examines the problems involved in modern industrial organization, and discusses remedies. His is at once a historical, interpretative, and critical study. Marred occasionally by a tendency to dogmatism, hasty generalization, and fanciful speculation, it may nevertheless be accepted as a really illuminating contribution, and is of particular value to the man of affairs as embodying concisely the origin and nature of the important economic questions now pressing for settlement. Opening with a summary of the changes that have taken place during the last hundred years, and a clear demonstration of the factors that have furthered or retarded the progress of the nations under review, Dr. McVey finds that while the United States has enjoyed the greatest advance, it is also confronted by problems much more imminent than those of other countries, and differing from them in kind as well as in degree. In England, in his opinion, the prime desideratum is a better industrial organization; in Germany, a more widely developed industrial organization and larger political and social functions for the people; in the United States, a more efficient political organization, and the subordination of the industrial to it. As a result of unhampered individual action directed towards material development, there has been evolved "an overwhelming organization of industry, standing side by side with a State that is puny when compared to it." The question is thus the double one of political development and industrial control. The day of the *laissez faire* system has passed, and the State must interfere, regulate, or own. Dr. McVey thus indicates his choice:

> Government by the people increases in strength and ability to do things as the people come to identify their interests with those of the government, and insist upon better administration. Such a State may wisely and well postpone questions of ownership while work-

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ing out the more important problem of control and centralizing power . . . legislation should include publicity of corporation accounts and relations, the responsibility of directors, limitation of promoting, and regulation of rates for public service. Regulation by government in the vastness of modern industry is a necessity, a requisite to law and harmony.

At the same time he reminds his readers that no hard and fast rule may be laid down. There will be constantly arising questions concerning which it is impossible "to declare in advance that the State should follow the doctrine of interference, regulation, or ownership. Some things the State should let entirely alone, others it should control and regulate, and others actually conduct." In no event, however, would he admit the desirability of adopting socialistic programmes, seeing in any solution that carries the State into socialism a jeopardizing of individual liberty by "what must ultimately be an oligarchy of power. More and more the situation clears, and it is seen that a radical departure from fundamental principles is impossible; the solution must be attained by working out from the existing conditions and modifying them."

Monarch, the Big Bear. By Ernest Thompson Seton. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 214 pages. $1.25, net.

This is another of those vivid stories of animal life which have made Mr. Seton so popular among young people and such a bone of contention among certain naturalists. It differs from his "Biography of a Grizzly" only in the personality of the bear and in the incidents of his career. It has the same charm, with an added touch of real pathos when the Monarch is finally trapped after evading all pursuit for many months.

My Lady of the North: The Love Story of a Gray-Jacket. By Randall Parrish. Illustrated. A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago. 5¼×8¼ in. 362 pages. $1.50.

A romance of the Civil War which follows the army in one camp or another, Federal or Confederate, all the way through to Appomattox. It furnishes vigorous writing, stirring scenes, and charming sentiment, if at times a trifle strained. The element of humor, in the person of Jed Bungay, the Scott-reciting mountaineer, is not altogether the relief intended by the author, being clearly overdrawn. Yet this is an original character.

Nameless Women of the Bible. By Rev. Theron Brown. The American Tract Society, New York. 5×7½ in. 206 pages. 75c.

Out of a large number the author has selected twelve of the more significant woman characters mentioned, but nameless, in the Bible, devoting a short chapter to each as having pointed some lesson of morality or religion. This is done with good judgment and in an attractive way. So far as these chapters deal with unfamiliar characters, as "Belshazzar's Mother," they remind one of the yet undeveloped wealth of the Bible.

New Lights (The): A Drama in Four Acts. By Hugh Mann. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5×8 in. 51 pages. $1.

New Womanhood (The). By Winifred Harper Cooley. The Broadway Publishing Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 151 pages.

Notes on the Psalter: Extracts of Parallel Passages from the Prayer Book, Septuagint and Vulgate Versions. By the Rev. Charles Evans, M.A. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×8 in. 163 pages. $2, net.

These notes are simply the various readings presented by the Prayer-Book version of the Psalms and the chief ancient versions—the Septuagint, the Vulgate, and several others, with some found in the uncial MSS. and elsewhere. Not only those who are interested in the scholarly study of that part of the English version published in 1539 which the Prayer-Book embalms, but those who care for the divergences from the version of 1611 which the revision of 1884 presents (*e. g.*, xvi. 2, 3; xxxii. 10; lxv. 1; lxviii. 11), if they can read Greek and Latin, will find this an interesting volume. It is published "in the earnest hope of encouraging some youthful students . . . to a careful study of the Psalter and its early versions."

Our Birds and Their Nestlings. By Margaret Coulson Walker. Illustrated. (Eclectic Readings.) The American Book Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 208 pages. 60c.

Painted Shadows. By Richard Le Gallienne. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 339 pages. $1.50.

In this collection of stories the qualities of the author are especially apparent. He is gifted with a mastery of graceful, limpid prose, devoted to gossamer-drawn pleas in defense of the changeful loves of poets. A poetic imagination and real beauty is shown in several of the best. The reader will be diverted by one called "The First Church of the Restoration, American," and will feel impelled to look about for signs of the event predicted by Mr. Le Gallienne.

Paris and Its Story. By T. Okey. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 6½×9 in. 349 pages. $6.

Reserved for later notice.

Picnic on a Pyramid (A). By Marian V. Loud. Illustrated. The Saalfield Publishing Co., Akron, Ohio. 7×9¼ in. 114 pages. $1.50.

Place of My Desire and Other Poems (The). By Edith Colby Banfield. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7¾ in. 154 pages. $1.25.

There are rare qualities in many of these poems; the sonnets especially arrest one's attention. The wealth of tenderness allied to quiet strength which they indicate, and the carefully cultivated taste of the writer, show her to have been a reverent lover of the best in literature. An occasional note of sadness may be indicative of the early close of the writer's career, but it by no means clouds her own clear, wide vision. It is good amid the many thin affectations of morbid imagination to find the sweet, true, sincere tone that sounds in these poems, unfinished as they were when they fell from the author's hands.

Poems Lyric and Dramatic. By Ethel Louise Cox. Richard G. Badger, Boston. 5×8 in. 195 pages. $1.50.

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Players and Vagabonds. By Viola Roseboro. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 334 pages. $1.50.
Reserved for later notice.

Prosit: A Book of Toasts. Compiled by Clotho. Paul Elder & Co., San Francisco. 5×8 in. 134 pages. $1.25, net.

Puritanos y Otros Cuentos (Los). By Armando Palacio Valdes. Edited by W. T. Faulkner, A.M. William R. Jenkins, New York. 4¾×7¼ in. 103 pages. 50c.

Queen's Progress and Other Elizabethan Sketches (The). By Felix E. Schelling. Illustrated. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5½×8¼ in. 267 pages. $2.50, net.
Reserved for later notice.

Ragged Messenger (The). By W. B. Maxwell. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5×7¾ in. 384 pages. $1.50.
A novel of most unusual force and interest. More than one character stands out from its pages a distinct and real creation; but the priest without a parish, the "Mad Messiah" of the London slums—the "Ragged Messenger," of course—dominates the story. The book is big enough to hold both delightful satire in good measure and abundant dramatic power, whose exhibits give no hint of the cheap melodrama one momentarily expects and fears in some of the situations.

Randy's Good Times. By Amy Brooks. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×7½ in. 265 pages. $1.

Recent Discoveries in the Forum, 1898–1904. By an Eye-Witness, St. Clair Baddeley. A Handbook for Travelers. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6¾ in. 115 pages. $1.25.

Reconsiderations and Reinforcements. By James Morris Whiton, Ph.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4×6½ in. 149 pages. 50c.

Rhymes for the Times. By Henry M. Edmiston. The Sunflower Publishing Co., Lily Dale, New York. 4½×7½ in. 199 pages.

Riverside Graded Song Book (The). Part One. By William M. Lawrence. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 6½×8½ in. 168 pages. 40c., net.

Roma Beata. By Maud Howe. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8½ in. 363 pages. $2.50, net.
Reserved for later notice.

Russia: What She Was and What She Is. By Jaakoff Prelooker. (War Edition.) Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent & Co., London. 4½×7 in. 157 pages.

Saturday Night Sermons. By Rev. George Thomas Dowling, D.D. Thomas Whittaker, New York. 5×7½ in. 131 pages. 90c., net.

School Champion (A). By Raymond Jacberns. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 5×7½ in. 306 pages. $1.

Scientific American Reference Book. Compiled by Albert A. Hopkins and A. Russell Bond. Illustrated. Munn & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 516 pages. $1.50.
A marvel of condensed information on many subjects—armies and navies of the world, shipping and yachts, invention and discovery, railroads, population, education, patents, mines, manufactures, cables and telegraphs, the practical sciences, etc. Undeniably an eminently useful reference-book.

Search (The): A Story of the Old Frontier. By E. P. Weaver. Illustrated. A. S. Barnes & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 224 pages. $1.25.

Sea-Wolf (The). By Jack London. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 366 pages. $1.50.
Reserved for later notice.

Snowland Folk. By Robert E. Peary. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 8×10½ in. 97 pages. $1.20, net.

Songs of Motherhood. Selected by Elizabeth Johnson Huckel. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 111 pages. $1.25.
This collection, mostly of recent verse, "grew up," the dedication states, "little by little to help one mother in the sacred months of waiting. It was a real benediction in her life. It is sent forth with the prayer that for many it may help to make the holy season a time of happy thought and of deeper spiritual appreciation of the divine miracle."

Stone-Cutter of Memphis (The). By William Patrick Kelly. Illustrated. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 371 pages. $1.50.

Stories of Adventure: As Told by Adventurers. By Edward E. Hale. (New Edition, Revised, with Illustrations.) Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 314 pages. $1.25.

Stories of Brave Old Times: Some Pen Pictures of Scenes which Took Place Previous to, or Connected with, the American Revolution. By Helen M. Cleveland. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5¼×8 in. 308 pages. $1.25.

Stories of Discovery: As Told by Discoverers. By Edward E. Hale. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 292 pages. $1.25.

Story of Ferrara (The). By Ella Noyes. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4¼×6¾ in. 421 pages. $2.
A series which already includes such mediæval towns as Verona, Siena, Perugia, Assisi, Florence, Nuremberg, Rome, Rouen, Toledo, and Bruges should also include Ferrara, and we chronicle the appearance of "The Story of Ferrara" with especial satisfaction. The appearance of this book very nearly coincides with Mr. Gardner's delightful volume on the Ferrarese nobles, and should be read, not only in connection with that volume, but also with Mrs. Ady's "Beatrice d'Este" and "Isabella d'Este"—volumes which give not a little insight into the history, manners, and customs of Ferrara, although occupied much more with Milan and Mantua. Like its predecessors, the present volume is at once a guide-book and a history. It explains to us the pictures in Ferrara; it tells us about the palaces which contain them, and guides us to the famous churches; but it does all this after it has informed us about Ferrara's rise through war to peace, about its age of gold, about its brilliant period under the famous Ercole, about its decadence and fall. The book is in every way worthy of a place in an admirable series.

Students' Laboratory of Physical Geography. By Albert Perry Brigham. D. Appleton & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 153 pages.

Sword and Plowshare. By Willis Boyd Allen. The Pilgrim Press, Boston. 5×7½ in. 266 pages. $1.25.

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Teaching of German in Secondary Schools (The). By Elijah W. Bagster-Collins. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5¼×8 in. 232 pages. $1.

Teddy and Towser: A Story of Early Days in California. By Seward D. Lisle. Henry T. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 4½×7¾ in. 352 pages. $1.

Theory of Business Enterprise (The). By Thorstein Veblen. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5¼×8¼ in. 400 pages. $1.50, net.

It would be difficult to conceive a more hopelessly pessimistic view of the world to-day than that taken by Professor Veblen in this exposition of the character and trend of modern business enterprise. The truism that the introduction of machinery has revolutionized industrial methods is here carried to a startling extreme. The machine process, in conjunction with business principles and business methods, is alleged to be the dominant factor in latter-day culture and civilization, molding and informing popular thought along crassly materialistic lines. Scrutinizing business enterprise from "the standpoint of the business man," Professor Veblen finds that the chief end of man in the business world is no longer serviceability, but vendibility, and that the efficient cause of action in every sphere of human endeavor is the question, "Does it pay?" The axiomatic formula that honesty is the best policy does not, in his opinion, carry its old force, and he cites case after case, familiar enough to all observers of recent commercial and industrial movements, to prove the contention that this is an age of deception, wherein mankind is more and more rapidly losing sight of metaphysical considerations in its view of human relations, and, under the "standardizing" influence of the machine process, is becoming skeptical, unmoral, unpatriotic, undevout. "Hitherto," he admits, "there has enough of the ancient norms of Western Christendom remained intact to make a very respectable protest against that deterioration of the cultural tissues which the ferment of the machine industry unremittingly pushes on. The machine discipline, however, touches wider and wider circles of the population, and touches them in an increasingly intimate and coercive manner. In the nature of the case, therefore, the resistance opposed to this cultural trend given by the machine discipline on grounds of received conventions weakens with the passage of time." In science, art, letters, the trail of the serpent is to be seen. Professor Veblen formulates trade-unionism, socialism, and anarchy as outgrowths of this process, which is further alleged to be cutting away the grounds of law and order on which business enterprise is founded. In regard to "remedies" an equally pessimistic position is assumed. Some hope is derived from the "return to warlike enterprise," but even here the "net outcome" must "be rated as fostering a reversion to national ideals of servile status and to institutions of a despotic character." It is hardly necessary to point out the fundamental fallacy which justifies the author's depressing conclusions. His "standpoint of the business man" is, in the last analysis, the standpoint of the business trickster, a type of which there are unfortunately too many examples, but a type which cannot justly be deemed representative of the business man of to-day. Take away this prop, and the theory of business enterprise here presented must fall to the ground. Nevertheless, Professor Veblen's work, with all its pessimism and, it must be added, cloudiness, is in some respects of high value. It touches here and there on very real evils, and tends to drive home with renewed force the old adage that the price of liberty is eternal vigilance.

Thumb-Nail Series (The): Romeo and Juliet. As You Like It. An Old English Christmas. By William Shakespeare. The Century Co., New York. 2½×5¼ in. Per vol., $1.

True Bills. By George Ade. Illustrated. Harper & Bros., New York. 4×7 in. 154 pages. $1.

Jaunty slang by a past-master in the art.

Two Young Inventors: The Story of a Flying Boat. By Alvah Milton Kerr. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4¾×7½ in. 312 pages. $1.25.

Type Studies from the Geography of the United States. First Series. By Charles A. McMurry, Ph.D. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 288 pages. 50c.

Up the Forked River. By Seward D. Lisle. Illustrated. Henry D. Coates & Co., Philadelphia. 5×7¾ in. 304 pages. $1.

Vest Pocket Series: The Last Ride. By Robert Browning. **The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam.** Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. **The Cotter's Saturday Night.** By Robert Burns. **Locksley Hall.** By Alfred, Lord Tennyson. **Tam O'Shanter.** By Robert Burns. **The Deserted Village.** By Oliver Goldsmith. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 1½×4½ in. 60c. per vol.

Vocalism: Its Structure and Culture from an English Standpoint. By W. H. Breare. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×6½ in. 147 pages.

When the King Came: Stories from the Four Gospels. By George Hodges. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 399 pages. $1.25.

Dean Hodges here tells the story of Jesus' life in style and phrase adapted to children of ten or twelve. Appearing at this season, it seems timely and suitable for a Christmas gift.

With the Makers of Texas: A Source Reader in Texas History. By Herbert Eugene Bolton, Ph.D., and Eugene C. Barker, M.A. Illustrated. Gammel-Statesman Publishing Co., Austin, Texas. 5¼×7¾ in. 315 pages.

Young Vigilantes (The). By Samuel Adams Drake. Illustrated. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 4½×7½ in. 284 pages. $1.25.

The story of two boys who made their way in the world and won fortune in the adventurous life of California in the middle of the last century. It is a bright, energetic narrative, certain to entertain boy readers.

Your Loving Nell: Notes from Vienna and Paris Music Studios. Gathered by "Dearest" from Letters Home of the late Mrs. Nelly Gore. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4¼×7½ in. 231 pages. $1, net.

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Correspondence

Letters addressed to the Editors of The Outlook, to receive any attention whatever, must in all cases be accompanied by the name and address of the writer. Names will not be published if a request to that effect is made by the writer, but no attention, either personal or editorial, can be paid to anonymous communications.

Alcoholic Patent Medicines

We have received several letters from correspondents *apropos* of the following statement of the "Careless Traveler" in connection with his visit to a California winery:

"Personally, I have entire respect for the total abstainer who really does abstain, and also respect for one who believes that it is legitimate to use wine in moderation upon the dinner-table; but I find it very difficult to maintain respect for the total abstainer who banishes wine from the dinner-table and then drinks it out of a bottle from the closet between meals, and calls it medicine. About such an one there appears to me to be a rather serious deficiency, which it is charitable to hope is intellectual rather than moral. Such imbibers are often entirely honest, but they are easily deluded."

One correspondent asks us what evidence we have that there are any such pretended abstainers; another one defends them in the following terms:

"In my opinion, these words overlook an important distinction. To one who appreciates the evils of intemperance there is a radical difference, morally, between taking alcohol into the system as a medicine and drinking it as a beverage. The entire list of drunkards is drawn from the ranks of the beverage drinkers. The harm resulting from alcohol taken in medicines is different from the evil results of alcohol taken in beverages, as a pin scratch is different from the leprosy. The ever-present danger to the beverage drinker of crossing the unmarked line up to which he can and beyond which he cannot let liquor alone when he has enough—this danger is so great, it seems to me, as to justify any man in deciding to let liquor strictly alone as a beverage. But such an abstainer might consistently, I think, regard as of little consequence the question whether any medicine he took contained alcohol. If liquor were never used except as medicine, temperance reformers would be out of work."

The evidence that there are a considerable number of people who use alcoholic patent medicines as a stimulant is furnished by the facts that the Careless Traveler was told at the winery which he visited: that the great bulk of its sherry wine was sold to the venders of patent medicines; that there is a large sale for such medicines, some of them containing nearly if not more than forty per cent. of spirit; and that the sale of such patent medicines is particularly large in some of the Prohibition States, as is proved by statistics which have been published in The Outlook. As to the defense which our second correspondent gives of such use, we can only reply that, in our judgment, alcohol should never be used as a medicine except on the prescription of a physician, and that more injury is done by the indiscriminate use of alcoholic patent medicines, taken without medical advice and often merely as a stimulant, than by the moderate use of beer and light wines with dinner, but still more by the use of alcoholic beverages between meals, a habit promoted by the saloons, and on which their livelihood depends.—THE EDITORS.

Child-Saving

To the Editors of The Outlook:

For more than half a century the New York Juvenile Asylum has been carrying on its child-saving work in New York City, shaping for greater usefulness the lives of the thirty-nine thousand little street waifs committed to its care.

It has now reached an epoch-making period in its long career. By doing away with the congregate system and developing the cottage system the directors feel that they have inaugurated a plan as much in advance of the old régime as the original institution was an advance upon the street home of the neglected waif. The plan is not an experiment. For nine years the directors have made a study of cottage colony work, and six years ago a Committee of the Board issued a report whose mature thought and convincing statements have had much to do with correcting the attitude of the public toward the physical features of large institutions, and with shaping the policy of other organizations now abandoning the congregate plan.

In order that they might design a really superior system, combining the salient points of many cottage institutions and originating practical ones of their own, the directors have founded a miniature village near Dobbs Ferry which will serve as a model for similar institutions not only in the United States but on the Continent.

Taking a beautiful old estate of nearly three hundred acres on the Hndson as their basis, they have developed it by constructing permanent streets and the essential public service systems, including a power-house, a school-house, and fifteen most attractive cottages. Twenty inmates for each cottage has been decided upon as the best number for home administration, so that the fifteen cottages will house only three hundred of the one thousand children now at the Asylum. The remaining seven hundred cannot be accommodated unless financial help is ex-

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tended to the Asylum. Other cottages will soon be built if funds are provided, and it is strongly hoped that the public will co-operate with the institution by donating separate cottages. In memory of the deceased, no finer memorial could be erected than a cottage which would initiate twenty of the homeless little ones of New York into the helpful, sympathetic influence of a well-ordered home. The significant departure of the child-saving agency that came into being as a result of the philanthropy of Peter Cooper, Benjamin F. Butler, Edmund Dwight, Robert M. Hartley, A. R. Wetmore, Charles O'Conor, and others of the early sixties, is attracting widespread interest not only in America but in England, where a prominent member of Parliament recently contributed to the press a commendatory column on the indisputable advantages of the segregate system.

HENRY DWIGHT CHAPIN, M.D.

The Reed Memorial

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In former years yellow fever was a scourge and a dread. Liable to spread along watercourses, it visited interior places as well; as notably and terribly Memphis, where there were 5,000 deaths in 1878. Nor on the seaboard was it confined to low latitudes, for it has invaded Portsmouth, New Hampshire, there were cases in Boston as lately as 1858, and, notwithstanding efforts at exclusion, New York saw it in 1870, and it has been in the Lower Bay almost every year since then. Philadelphia was devastated in 1793 and in 1797–9, when the mortality aggregated 10,000; and, like New York, it has since depended for safety, although without complete success, upon the inspection and detention of shipping.

Where epidemics, actual or abortive, do occur, the commercial loss is immense, not merely in the ports attacked, but in those that reciprocally suffer. If New Orleans cannot do business with New York, neither can New York with New Orleans. An embargo upon traffic from Savannah cripples Baltimore, to which it might have gone and from which a return trade would flow. The mere statement is self-illuminating, without using the columns of the statistician to intensify it. The possibility of yellow fever had constantly to be reckoned with, and, quite independently of its vital relations, all intelligent business men used it as a factor in the calculation of summer work in the South. Transportation companies counted on cars to be cut off, trains suspended, sails unspread, freight not moved. It was one of the elements that made climate deadly. This contingency, not always openly expressed, lurked in the mind of every captain of industry whose campaigns were in that zone, so that its deterrent power was real. It fettered movement and trammeled capital, and the actual outbreaks inflicted corresponding waste. A conservative estimate of the immediate financial loss to the United States from this disease in the single year 1878 was $15,335,000, while intelligent judgment placed the total forfeiture, indirect as well as direct, from that epidemic at $100,000,000.

Recurrence of these conditions has now become morally impossible, from the fearless, the intelligent, and one may say the absolutely perfect investigation of the Commission controlled by the late Major Walter Reed, of the Medical Department of the Army, who, in the words of President Eliot when Harvard conferred its honorary degree, "planned and directed in Cuba the experiments which have given man control over that fearful scourge." That it was no less perilous in execution than exalted in design is shown by the grievous illness of one and the death of another of the three non-immune members of the Commission. Reed might well have been either of these; but, fortunately, he finished his work without such sacrifice. His glory is not that he discovered a cure for the disease. Better, he demonstrated the mode of prevention, and his methods "will always remain as models in the annals of scientific research, both for the exactness with which they were adapted to the points to be proved, and the precautions taken that no experiment should be vitiated by failure to exclude all possible sources of error." It was an intellectual as well as a physical triumph. Yellow fever does not arise within the United States, and now its introduction from without need never occur. It may be excluded with a precautionary expenditure of minimum time, trouble, and expense. The ports may be flung wide open to commerce. Persons and property may be freely admitted—the only exception being mosquitoes, and a short period of observation for strangers who have been exposed to infected insects within five days.

Major Reed died within a year of his superb demonstration. It is proposed to establish at Washington a Memorial that shall worthily perpetuate his fame long after yellow fever shall have become as extinct as the black death. Then the average citizen will accept its disappearance as a matter of course, ignorant of how he has been saved, careless of what he has escaped. An adequate memorial will perpetuate knowledge; it will enlighten posterity and will prolong fame. It is for the great princes of commerce to signify their appreciation of this rescue of their kingdom from invasion. Science will immortalize Walter Reed in its memoirs; it is for Affairs to set up the bronze and marble, so that the wayfarer and the simple public may appreciate the achievement, may remember what has been done, and to whom the country is in debt for a victory mightier and more enduring than conquest by arms.

Mr. Charles J. Bell, President of the American Security and Trust Company, Washington, is the Treasurer of the well-organized Walter Reed Memorial Association, and $15,000 is still required to carry the fund to

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its reasonable limit of $25,000, and thus secure an adequate monument to this great man. ALFRED A. WOODHULL.

An Industrial School for White Youth

To the Editors of The Outlook:

In the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education the question of illiteracy is treated at some length. It appears that there are 415,803 white men of voting age at the South who cannot read and write. There is no longer any question about the education of our poorer classes. There are reasons for this state of affairs that lie deep down in our National life. Our system before the war would not permit of universal education, and since that awful day it has been hard for us to adjust ourselves. Since the war our means have been meager. Every avenue of trade and industry was utterly prostrated by the war. We lost well-nigh everything. First our slaves, then a whole race of men nearly, then the value of our crops we lost, because we took pay in the coin of the Confederacy.

In Tallapoosa County, Alabama—my own county—for the year 1903–4 there were 10,500 children of school age, and about 9,000 attended school some part of the year. There are 110 white schools with 114 teachers, and 40 colored schools with 44 colored teachers. There was appropriated, from all sources, $17,750 for the year. This would make an average of $1.69 for a year's schooling for each child of school age in the county. Eighty-five per cent. of the population of Alabama live in the country. In my county there is not one large town. We are trying to build up at Camp Hill an industrial school where white youth of slender means can, by working, get an education.

The Camp Hill Industrial Institute is in its seventh year. This school is undenominational, and is dependent upon the public for support. We have over $20,000 worth of property. Farming, dairying, sawmilling, and carpentering for young men, and cooking, sewing, and laundering for young women—these are the industries taught.

We have given over two hundred youth some sort of an education, and we have refused more than twice this number because of lack of means. Our needs for the present year are: Teachers' salaries, $3,500; scholarships, $2,500; debts and incidentals, $6,000; water system, $1,000; new barns, $1,000; high-grade dairy, $1,000; dormitory for boys, $10,000. It will be seen that $25,000 is needed for the present year. This will give us the opportunity to extend our work so that many more boys and girls can be helped than formerly. These youth, after getting an education, go back to their homes and put into practice what they have learned at Camp Hill. Scholarships are $50 and $70 a year. Sums in any amount may be sent our Treasurer, H. C. Wooddy, Camp Hill, Alabama, or to me,

LYMAN WARD, Principal.

Camp Hill, Alabama.

Relief for the Cancerous Poor

Sometimes, amid the work of which the direct fruit can be seen, the education of children, the provision of vacations, playgrounds, wholesome amusements, there is temptation to forget the work that neither prevents nor cures, but simply alleviates human suffering. The need for such work was never greater, and one of its most beneficent and least known branches is the help carried on by the Servants of Relief for Incurable Cancer. Several years ago Mrs. Lathrop, a daughter of Nathaniel Hawthorne, looked around among the poor of New York to see where she might best help. There came across her path a woman who had been bravely supporting herself, but had been stricken with cancer, operated on in vain in the hospitals, and turned out helpless, with no alternative but to go to the city's island hospital, then so crowded that cancer patients had to be put into an erysipelas ward. With this patient, in two rooms on Cherry Street, on New York's East Side, Mrs. Lathrop made her beginning. Other patients came until possible accommodation there was outgrown, and an additional building was procured—the Rosary Hill Home, at Hawthorne, some thirty miles from New York. Here, among the Westchester hills, the sufferers that can bear the journey are tenderly cared for until their rest comes. The nurses are volunteer—and there is no dearth of them, onerous and repelling as much of their care might seem. For many of the patients are entirely helpless, and need watching night and day. But there is no happiness like the happiness of giving, and with the greater giving must come the greater happiness. Mrs. Lathrop has watched wonderful transformation enter the lives and faces of these nurses as they give themselves to the ministration for these people for whom the world has ceased to have need, and has, save here, no place. For provision to meet this special need hardly exists. There came to Mrs. Lathrop application from Chicago, where search had been made for such a refuge for a trusted employee, none being found in the country save with her. It is her hope, when she can leave the New York homes well established, to begin anew in Boston and in Chicago, starting with a single patient and a room or two, expanding as help and patients come. The work is supported entirely by gifts from those who have pity for distress. Not a penny is received from any patient taken into the home. Mrs. Lathrop has joined a Roman Catholic order, but no sectarianism touches the work. Any man or woman, Protestant or Catholic, is welcome; their need is their recommendation. Knowledge of the work is its best appeal for support. Does it to any one seem hopeless, unnecessary help to surround the last hours of a suffering human being with cheer and comfort and loving tenderness, and hail him on to his last sleep with trust in God and the hereafter? * *

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